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SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA

Henry Dunbar

A Drama in Four Acts

By

TOM TAYLOR

NUMBER 8

PUBLISHED BY
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
CHARLES H SERGEL PRES.

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HENRY DUNBAR;

OR,

A DAUGHTER'S TRIALS.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

FOUNDED ON MISS BRADDON'S NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME.

By TOM TAYLOR, Esq.,
Author of "Babes in the Wood," "The Fool's Revenge," etc.

AS PRODUCED AT THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE, LONDON, UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. HORACE WIGAN, DEC. 9, 1865, AND AT WALLACK'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, NOV. 2, 1867.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Royal Olympic Theatre, London, Dec. 9, 1867.	*Wallack's Theatre, New York, Nov.* 2, 1867.
Henry Dunbar	Mr. H. Neville.	Mr. J. W. Wallack.
Clement Austin	Mr. H. J. Montague.	Mr. B. T. Ringgold.
Arthur Lovell	Mr. H. G. Clifford.	Mr. C. H. Rockwell.
Henry Carter, a Detective	Mr. R. Soutar.	Mr. A. W. Young.
The Major, with several aliases	Mr. G. Vincent.	Mr. E. L. Davenport.
Jerrams, Head Waiter at the George	Mr. H. Cooper.	Mr. Geo. Holland.
Hartogg, a Jewel Merchant	Mr. H. Rivers.	Mr. J. C. Williamson.
Balderby, Junior Partner in the house of Dunbar & Balderby	Mr. S. H. Williams.	Mr. G. Browne.
Thomas Tibbs, Carter's Mate	Mr. Franks.	Mr. T. Ward.
Office Messenger	Mr. Cowdery.	Mr. E. Cashin.
Margaret Wentworth	Miss Kate Terry.	Miss Rose Eytinge.
Laura Dunbar	Miss Ellen Leigh.	Miss Annie Ward.
Mary Madden	Miss E. Farren.	Miss Mary Barrett.

PROPERTIES.

Parcel, letter, prospectus, card, umbrella, "Times" newspaper, dispatch-box, handcuffs, lighted candles, papers, letter and portrait in desk, a diary, tea-table and tea things, envelope and letter, sandwich-box (containing diamond paper) with chain to fasten round waist, diamonds, account books, bank notes, check-book, old shoe, bottles and glasses, brandy, leather belt divided into compartments, little canvas bag, wine, revolver, night-lamps, pens, ink and paper, oil for lamp.

TIME—THE PRESENT DAY.

COSTUMES—OF THE PERIOD.

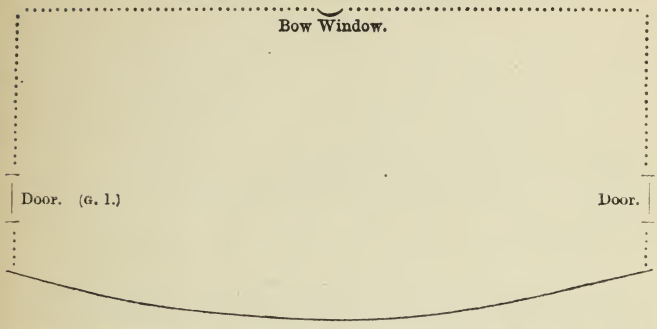
Stage Direction.—R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of centre; L. C. Left of centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First, Second or Third Groove.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—THREE HOURS.

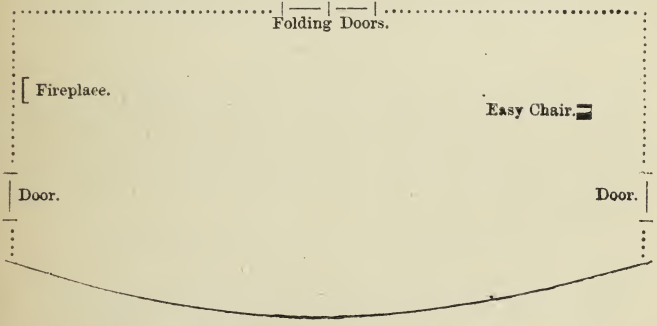
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SCENERY.

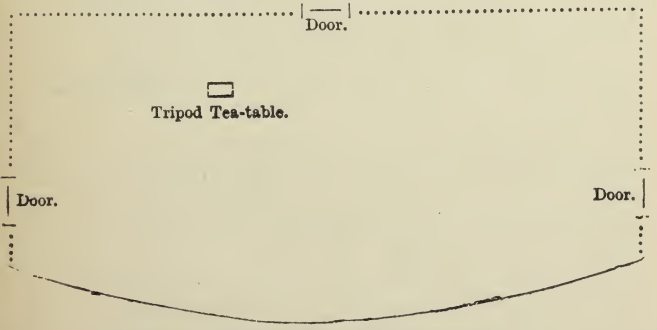
ACT I.—Scene 1. Cottage, humble, but prettily furnished.



ACT I.—Scene 2. Handsome sitting-room—folding doors at the back opening on landing.

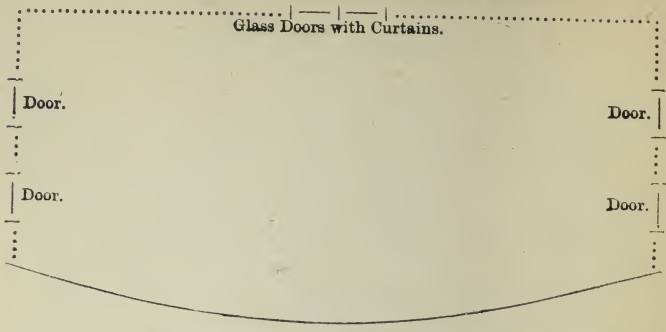


ACT II.—Scene 1. Drawing-room luxuriously furnished.

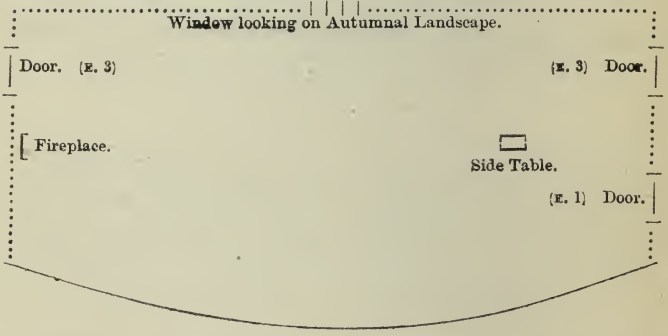


ACT II.—Scene 2. Waiting-room in the Bank.

ACT II.—Scene 3. The Bank Parlor. Window with blinds.



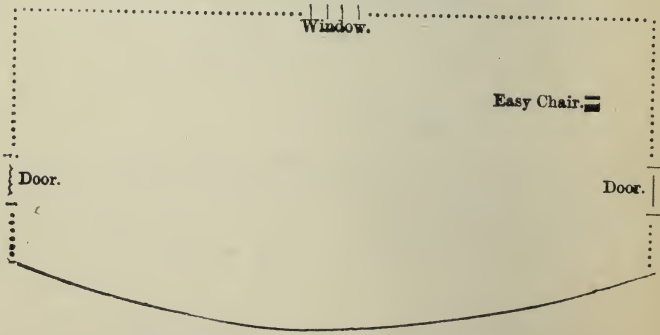
ACT III.—Scene. Picturesque Elizabethan Room, tapestry hung or pannelled.



ACT IV.—Scene 1.—Same as last.

ACT IV.—Scene 2. Entrance Hall of Woodbine Cottage.

ACT IV.—Scene 3. Sitting-room.



[*For Synopsis of the Play, see pages* 38, 39 *and* 40.]

HENRY DUNBAR.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Room in Margaret Wentworth's cottage at Wandsworth, humble but prettily furnished—bow window* C., *with muslin curtain, door* R. *and* L. (*1st grooves*)—*a loud ring heard as the curtain rises.*

Enter MARY, L.

MARY. Bless my 'art, whoever's that a ringin' at the garden gate, as if they'd wrinch the wire out? (*looking out at window*) My, if it ain't a footman and carriage! And if there ain't that darlin' Miss Laura Dunbar a gettin' out. Oh, if all Miss Margaret's pupils was like her! (*shuts gate*) I don't mind the footman airin' his calves, but I can't keep her waitin'.

[*Exit* MARY, L.

Enter LAURA, L., *escorted by* MARY, *carrying a parcel.*

LAURA. Well, Mary, you never saw me arrive in the state-coach before. (*speaks off*) Oh, tell George the carriage can wait. I've brought you your aunt Madden's love, Mary.

MARY. Thank you, miss; nothing else, miss?

LAURA. No, did you expect anything?

MARY. I hoped she might have found me a situation, please miss?

LAURA. Why, you're not going to leave Miss Wentworth?

MARY. Oh, please miss, she says she can't afford two, and she's comin' to a maid of all work. Both me and cook wants to stop if it was at a reduction and no beer; but cook's to stop 'cos I can't undertake the kitchen.

LAURA. You shall come to me, Mary. Dear nursey Madden is getting old, and you can take the fag off her hands—dressing me and making the five o'clock tea, and all that.

MARY. Call that fag, miss? Fun I call it. Oh, I shall be so happy!

LAURA. We shall be very good friends, I'm sure—I always get so fond of my maids.

MARY. Which it's *wicy versa*, miss, I'm sure they must get so fond o' you.

LAURA. I'm glad Miss Wentworth is not here—I've a surprise for her, a little birth-day present, but it's such a secret. I may run up with it into her pretty bed-room, mayn't I? I'll be so good and not rummage a

bit, and if she comes in before I'm down, you may say I'm there, but not a word of this (*shows parcel*) or I shall be so angry. (*runs off*, R.)

MARY. Ah, bless her bright eyes, she's like the patent gold reviver comin' into a place, she is. Oh, shan't I be happy dressin' her! (*knock*, L., *looks out*) Two gents: what do they want, I wonder. [*Exit*, L.

Re-enter immediately, L., *showing in* CARTER.

CARTER. So, Miss Wentworth's not at home, eh? (*sits down, looks sharply about him.*)

MARY. Would you leave a message, sir?

CARTER. Well, I don't know that I can exactly.

MARY. Which if I might ask, was it lessons, sir?

CARTER. Well, I don't know but what it might end in lessons. I've heard so much of Miss Wentworth's teaching.

MARY. Ah, that you may well say, which I've heard there ain't anything better to be had from the Royal Academy of Harts, not if you was to give pounds where Miss Marg'ret she have shillins, bless her!

CARTER. And a steady, hard-working girl, too, I'm told?

MARY. Steady, sir! Well, if livin' on short allowance for a sparrer, and workin' as regular as the clock, and spendin' next to nothin' on herself, and never havin' a hard word for nobody makes a hangel, Miss Mar'gret's one, which I often says "if all has their rights," I says, "yours is the 'evins above," I says!

CARTER. Well, if Miss Wentworth ain't at home, perhaps her father is?

MARY. No, sir, he are not.

CARTER. Ah, sorry for that, I should a' liked to have made his acquaintance. He's obliged to be away from home a great deal, I suppose?

MARY. Quite off and on, sir; sometimes he'll be here a month together, then away a week, then at home a day or two, and so on. And Miss Margaret is that fond of him!

CARTER. Poor girl, she must find his being away so much a great annoyance?

MARY. She do take on about it, sir; but, bless you, she's such a patient creature.

CARTER. And business is business. I'll be bound he's not much here in business hours? Oftenest after dark?—I daresay.

MARY. It *is* mostly latish.

CARTER. He was here last night, you said?

MARY. Did I! well, I must have mentioned it promiscus then. Leastways he *was* here, and left early this morning by first train for Southampton, as far as I understood him and Miss Margaret's talk about it at breakfast.

CARTER (*to himself*). Too late! I was afraid I should. However, the Major's at Winchester, and Southampton will be all in my road. There's a train in ten minutes. Well, my dear, when Miss Wentworth comes in——

MARY. Oh! here *is* Miss Margaret!

Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH, L.—CARTER *bows.*

MARG. A stranger! (*looks at him.*)

MARY. A gent as have called about lessons, Miss.

MARG. Oh, I shall be very glad, I'm sure; I've rather too many hours open just now.

CARTER. Well, you see my good lady was thinking of having our girl put to a good music mistress, but I was to inquire about terms first.

MARG. (*going to mantel-piece*). Here is one of my prospectuses, sir. (MARY *gives her a letter*) A letter in papa's handwriting!

CARTER (*aside*). Poor young thing, poor young thing!

MARY. And please miss, Miss Laura's up stair in your room.

MARG. Miss Dunbar! I'll come to her.

MARY. Yes, miss, I'll tell her. (*aside*) I wonder is it an Area-sneak?

[*Exit*, R

MARG. If you'll excuse me—when you have made up your mind as to my terms (*giving prospectus*) you can let me know.

CARTER. Thank you, miss! it's my good lady you see, she's that particular to a shilling or two. (*looks at card*) I'm sure they seem very moderate.

MARG. They enable me to live, sir, and to pay my way, I can't venture to ask more.

CARTER. It's a hard life, miss, for one so young and delicate looking.

MARG. Oh, I'm stronger than I look, and I've been used to hard work, and then independence is very sweet.

CARTER. Yes, but going about giving lessons is rather too independent, I should have thought, for an unprotected girl like you.

MARG. Unprotected, sir! I can dispense with protectors; I've been used to take my own part.

CARTER. And quite right too, my dear. (*she looks annoyed*) Excuse me, miss, I don't mean it as a liberty, but I've one about your age at home. (*earnestly*) Heaven bless you, my poor child! Heaven bless you, and keep you! There's no harm in that.

MARG. No, sir; good wishes can never harm us when they're in earnest, and I feel yours are.

CARTER (*going*). Good morning. (*offers hand*) No offence. (*aside*) Now for Southampton. I'm glad he ain't here. I shouldn't have had the heart to clinch him afore that innocent face o' hers. Hallo! Master Carter, stow that, 'twon't do for you to be turning spooney. [*Exit*, L.

MARG. Very extraordinary person, to be sure; but papa's letter! (*taking it out.*) What can be the secret he dared write but not speak? Oh, if I could but wean him from his dark life and desperate courses—if he would but stay here and be always his better self, that others might know the good in him as I do. (*opens the letter and reads*) "My darling—(*kisses the letter*) You know I am bound for Southampton, but not my errand there. I told you my first crime was forgery (*she shudders*) committed to save a young master whom I loved very dearly. The forgery was detected, my master was screened, sent out to India. I was denounced, tried, sentenced. He might have stood between me and the law, but he refused to speak a word or lift a hand in my behalf. From that day I was a blighted, branded man; I tried to get back to honest courses, but my crime stood between me and them (*she sobs*) till I grew what I am, an outcast, everyone's hand against me, and my hand against everyone." Oh no, father, not everyone's! I pity you. (*resumes her reading.*) "I learn't yesterday that this man is coming back to England. I mean to meet him, to see if he will do more now for the man whose ruin lies at his door than he would twenty-five years ago, and if he won't, to *give him a piece of my mind*;" why has he underlined that? "I dared not tell you this last night—I knew you would dissuade me." Oh, yes, yes! "I write you his name that you may remember it, not in your prayers, as that of the author of your father's ruin in this world and the next. It is Henry Dunbar!" Henry Dunbar! Laura's father! There is indeed a gulf henceforth between her innocent heart and mine! I wish I could have

stayed him from this journey,—my mind misgives me, lest some terrible consequence result from this meeting. Who's there?

Enter CLEMENT AUSTIN, L.

CLEM. Forgive me for entering unannounced! Miss Wentworth, you look pale, I'm afraid I have frightened you.

MARG. No, no! It is nothing; I have not been very strong of late, and a little startles me; won't you sit down. (*they sit.*)

CLEM. Oh, Miss Wentworth, if you would but take more care of yourself.

MARG. No, I can't afford to be fanciful. You and your mother want to spoil me. As it is, you and your mother pay me twice my terms for your niece's lessons.

CLEM. Pay you! as if anything could pay for the privilege ——

MARG. (*interrupting*). Ah, you mean you steal a lesson, at the same time Yes, you are certainly the most attentive of uncles.

CLEM. (*earnestly and impatiently*). Oh, this persiflage is idle. Miss Wentworth—Margaret——

MARG. Mr. Austin!

CLEM. Let me call you so: you cannot have misunderstood my feelings.

MARG. Yes! I feel your kind, your compassionate interest in me—your's and your mother's.

CLEM. You talk of interest, Miss Wentworth. That may have first inspired the wish to serve you.

MARG. I felt it, I felt it all.

CLEM. But as I came to learn your sweet and self-devoted nature, as I sat by your side and marked your gentle grace, and drank the music of your voice, pity kindled to passion, and interest became love; yes, Margaret, I love you! (*getting to her side.*)

MARG. (*extricating herself and turning away*) No! no!

CLEM. With a love as true, as pure, as full of reverent regard as ever man felt for woman, I love you, Margaret!

MARG. It must not be, Mr. Austin! There is a impassable barrier between me and such feelings.

CLEM. You love another?

MARG. No!

CLEM. Then you *must* love me, Margaret. If not now, in time. A love like mine *must* command an answer.

MARG. Not from me!

CLEM. Not from you! You, whose tenderness brims over to meet every advance from a pupil, a child, a pet bird! And *you* cannot love! Margaret I will not believe it!

MARG. Mr. Austin you force me to trust you with a secret which has been my own misery, night and day, since I learnt it. (*low and slowly and half averting her face*) My father is a dishonored man—an outcast. (*still lower and more sadly*) a criminal!

CLEM. My poor love! And he is *your* father.

MARG. And yet if you knew all, you would judge him mercifully, I am sure you would—I do, my mother did, she died with a prayer that he might be brought to see the error of his ways, and I prayed with her. Till I grew up our life was one of wandering and wretchedness. At times my father got employment, but before long the curse followed us: a breath, a whisper was enough; he never found any one to hold out a hand to the outcast and say, "I know your past, I will help you to redeem your future." Not one! not one! (*pause*) Now you know the bar-

rier that stands between Margaret Wentworth and the love of an honest man!

CLEM. Not so, Margaret. Knowing all this, nay, all the more because I know it, again I say, Margaret Wentworth, be my love, my wife!

MARG. My generous, my noble Clement! Yes! I love you, I *will* be your own, but not yet. I have a work to do: to win back my father to the right way: we will watch over him together, with loving hopes, with prevailing prayers! Oh, Clement, it will be a grievous struggle. Are you strong enough to go through it?

CLEM. Yes, Margaret, if I may share it with you.

MARG. God bless you, my own Clement (*solemnly.*)

LAURA (*without*). Margaret!

MARG. Hark! Laura's voice! Clement, I must leave you! (CLEMENT *kisses her hand in tender leave-taking*) How *shall* I meet her, with my father's wrongs between us?

[*Exeunt* CLEMENT, L., *and* MARGARET, R., *closed in by*

SCENE SECOND—*Interior of a handsome sitting-room at the "George," Winchester—folding doors at the back opening on landing—doors,* R. *and* L. *Fire-place with fire burning,* R. *Easy chair,* L.

Enter the MAJOR, C., *cautiously looking about him, and humming, to "The light of other days,"*

> The togs of other days are faded
> And all their glory fled!

I once was the flower, now I'm the seed! Yes, Major, you're down on your luck, disgustingly down; the traps were after you in the little village, so you tried country air for the benefit of your health and your only visible resource is now, the k'rect cyard of the Winchester Races. (*with the hoarse manner of a ring bettor*) "I back the field. Twenty to one against anything, bar one!" It's a precarious profession, brings one into bad company, and is altogether below the pitch of a man who has kept his own running horses—devilish fast ones, too; so fast, they ran through two thousand a year in no time and landed their pro-per-i-etor in Queer Street! So, this is Joe Wilmot's crib! I never saw Joe in such feather—a slap-up rig out, new and fashionable, from tile to toe-cases. I wonder if Joe would stand a couter, but (*shaking his head*) '*toggibus nulla fides!* He's nailed a flat, a slap-up swell: I stalked 'em, in close confab, into that wood near St. Cross. Joe seemed to be pitching it strong. I thought once of dropping down on his little game, and calling "halves" in the stakes! But I remonstrated with myself severely and decided on waiting for 'em here. Joe may be glad of a third party, if it comes to a rubber and a touch of hankey pankey (*imitates cutting the cards.*) I flatter myself I still know how to walk into a coffee room, as if I meant custom and scorned the spoons. (*looks about him*) Decidedly the thing (*contemptuous'y*) for Winchester. "Here will I plant my torch," (*putting down his umbrella*) as O. Smith used to say in the Dream at Sea, and here "put off the load of this world-weary flesh." (*takes off P-coat*) A P-coat, like charity, covers a multitude of sins, especially sins of omission in the way of linen. There! (*takes paper from tab'e*) Here's yesterday's "Times;" ah, in these provincial places it always is yesterday's "Times." Well, compensation is the great law of nature. If the *news* is stale, the *eggs* are fresh and so are the *natives.* (*reads paper.*)

Enter JERRAMS, R., *to lay the cloth, begins his work, at first not seeing the* MAJOR *behind the "Times," but seeing him, pauses.*

JER. A party! (*pauses and works round so as to get a survey*) not much of a party, to judge by his boots! (*in disgust at the* MAJOR'S *seediness*) Sir! (MAJOR *continues to read*) Sir! (*same business: very loud*) Sir!

MAJOR (*looking over the paper*). Sir, to you! (*resumes his reading.*)

JER. Was you aware, sir, this were a private room?

MAJOR. Well, James? (*mildly.*)

JER. Which my name is not James, sir. It is hoccupied by two gents.

MAJOR. Pardon me, John.

JER. Which my name is not John, neither, sir.

MAJOR. Not John either? Is it possible!

JER. Which my name is Jerrams, sir.

MAJOR. Oh, thank you. Then allow me to remark, Jerrams, that this room is occupied, not by two gents, Jerrams, but by one gent, Jerrams, that's you, and one gentleman, that's me. (*resumes paper.*)

JER. 'Ang his himpidence! I tell you, sir, this apartment is took, and nobody but the party as belongs to it has any business here. (*lays cloth.*)

MAJOR. Then what are you laying the cloth for, Jerrams?

JER. What for? 'Cos it's my business.

MAJOR. Yet you say nobody but the party as belongs to the room has any business in it. You are not the party as belongs to the room, *ergo* you have no business in it, *ergo* you had better go. That's a syllogism, Jerrams.

JER. Sillygism or not, sir, I 'ave to beg you'll walk out o' this.

MAJOR. Out of this, Jerrams! Out of what?

JER. Out of this private sitting-room, sir, which its engaged by Mr. Henry Dunbar, the great banker that's just come from Indy by this day's P. and O. boat, worth a million o' money, they say, if he's worth a penny, and his friend.

MAJOR (*aside*). That's Joe! So, so. He *has* hooked something like a fish—a million pounder! (*to* JERRAMS) I'm quite aware of the fact, Jerrams. I'm a friend of Mr. Dunbar's, once removed, that is, I'm his friend's friend; our friend's friends should be our friends, so I have called to make his acquaintance—(JERRAMS *looks at him curiously*) and if by that inquiring look you mean to ask me if I'll take anything before dinner in the way of a pick-up, Jerrams, you may bring me a pint of pale sherry and a biscuit, and put it down to our friend Dunbar.

JER. (*aside*). Well, he *is* a cool hand! Pint o' sherry indeed!

MAJOR. Dry, Jerrams, mind; and while you are about it, you may as well devil that biscuit.

JER. Oh, he's too many for me, by a long chalk! I'll send master.

[*Exit* JERRAMS, R.

MAJOR (*looking about him*). Our friend Dunbar's traps, I see, all tip-top. (*takes a dispatch box*) Bramah lock! (*tries it in his hand*) looks like money, and feels heavy. Tempting—but honor, major! You are under the roof of a friend, and if I know you, you are not the man to violate its sanctuary.

Enter JERRAMS, R. 1 E.

JER. I beg your pardon, sir, but was you the major?

MAJOR. That is my military rank, Jerrams; I go by the name among my intimates.

JER. Then there's one of your intimates in the bar inquirin' partickler after you.

MAJOR. Indeed! Did he give a name? (*uneasily.*)

JER. Which I think I 'eard master call 'im Carter.

MAJOR. Harry Carter (*aside*) the detective! Scotland Yard, by jingo! Did you say I was here?

JER. Yes, s'r. Shall I ask him to walk up?

MAJOR. Oh, no, I won't put him to the trouble of coming to me, I'll go down to him: tell him so, Jerrams. (*looking about the room.*)

JER. Yes, sir. [*Exit* JERRAMS, R.

MAJOR. A back staircase! I'll bolt. (*going*, L.,—TIBBS *appears at the door*, L.)

TIBBS. No, you don't, Major.

MAJOR. Carter's mate! (CARTER *appears at the door*, R.)

CARTER. And Carter! (*slips the handcuffs on, as he speaks*) How are you, Major?

MAJOR. Dropped a top of! —— Well, I came down for the races; but I'd no notion of winning a *couple* of darbies, (*looking at handcuffs*) You might have let me get through the week, Harry. Think of my engagements.

CARTER. You must tell 'em you'd a previous engagement with me. How are they? (*in allusion to hand-cuffs*) Comfortable?

MAJOR. Tightish, (*sighs*) but, in this world, one mustn't be particular.

CARTER (*feels them*). I thought I'd got your size.

MAJOR. Oh, they'll do very well. I say, what am I wanted for, Harry?

CARTER. That Cheapside job—old Abram's you know.

MAJOR. What, the jeweller? (*radiant*) My dear fellow, it's a mistake That was Scotch Bob and the Yokel. I wasn't in it at all.

CARTER (*smiling*). All the better for you. Of course, you've your *alibi* all square? (*puts his finger to his nose.*)

MAJOR. I wasn't, Harry, upon my honor! You know I'm not the man to deceive you.

CARTER. I don't think you are, Major—not if I know it. However, if you ain't in it, nothing can come out of it. But I say, Major, I want your pal—Wentworth, alias Wilmot, you know?

MAJOR (*dryly*). Oh, do you though?

CARTER. I thought I was dead on him at Southampton, but he's doubled on us. If you could give me the office, I'd make it worth your while.

MAJOR (*with dignity*). Mr. Carter, I thought you had known me better. Might I trouble you (*to* TIBBS) to take out my handkerchief and wipe away a tear. (*to* CARTER) Mr. Carter, you have wounded my belief in my fellow creatures!

CARTER. By the way, Major, they only allow second class fares. If you would prefer first, and like to pay the difference.

MAJOR. Thank you, Harry, I am sensible of the delicate attention. Might I trouble you (*to* TIBBS) to pull down my cuffs? Now then! (*aside*) Joe ought to be much obliged to me.

CARTER. I say, though, couldn't we square it about your pal?

MAJOR. Henry, don't oblige me to be personal.

Enter JERRAMS, R., *excited.*

JER. Here's Mr. Dunbar. Was you a-going, sir? What shall I say to your friend?

MAJOR. Tell him not to wait dinner for me, Jerrams.

CARTER. Say the Major is going to spend the evening with me. (*Ex-*

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eunt MAJOR *and* CARTER, *followed by* TIBBS, R—JERRAMS, *after a rapid execution of the usual waiter's manœuvres at the table, throws open the* C. *door—two under-waiters enter with lighted candles, bowing very low, and retiring, after ushering in* WENTWORTH *disguised as* HENRY DUNBAR—*he takes off his wrapper, goes to his travelling-bag, &c.*)

JER. Would you wish dinner to be served, sir? You ordered it at seven, it's getting on for half-past.

DUNBAR. Thank you, I'll wait for my companion. He's only gone as far as St. Cross, with a message from me to my old schoolfellow, Stratton.

JER. Beg pardon, sir, but was it Mr. Stratton, of the Hollies, sir?

DUNBAR. Yes.

JER. Mr. Stratton has been dead this ten years, sir.

DUNBAR. Dead! dear me! (*sighs*) and who lives at the Hollies now?

JER. His widder, sir.

DUNBAR. No doubt she's keeping Wilmot for an answer to my note. Dead, eh? Well, we old Indians must expect that sort of thing.

JER. Yes, sir, people will drop off, sir, as the saying is, sir. Would you 'ave up the soup, sir?

DUNBAR. No, I won't sit down till Mr. Wilmot returns. We're to dine together, and I've a great deal to talk over with him.

JER. Naturally, sir—an old friend, I 'spose, sir?

DUNBAR. Yes, though a humble one. We were boys together, and more like friends than master and servant.

JER. Servant! bless me, sir, who'd ha' thought it, sir, to 'ear you and him talking so free together this morning!

DUNBAR. Oh, our old feeling came back directly I found him on the pier ready to receive me. No, I won't sit down without Wilmot. Wheel this chair and table near the fire—so; give me my writing-case—yonder. (JERRAMS *obeys orders*) Serve dinner the moment Mr. Wilmot arrives. (*tries to open his dispatch box, but bungles at the key which hangs with others at his watch chain.* (*exit* JERRAMS, C.) *passes his hand over his brow, looks at himself in glass, sighs, but by an effort regains his self-possession, opens desk, and looks at papers, takes out packet endorsed*) Now for it! my daughter's letters—her portrait, too. (*looks at it, puts it aside*) Poor girl—poor girl! (*takes out other packets*) Letters from my partners!—abstract of bank returns—memoranda as to investments. (*gets out book*) Diary—Ah, that's precious. (*lays it aside*) Balderby's last letter, announcing that Sampson Wilmot—yes, that's Joseph Wilmot's brother, the old man who had the fit on the road—the only man in or about the house who knows my face would be at Southampton to receive me. His brother came instead; a far more available man than poor old Sampson! More letters! I shall have a hard night's work, but I don't care for sleeping in a railway carriage. I don't feel much like sleep anywhere.

Enter JERRAMS, C.

JER. If you please, sir, it's getting on for eight, sir, and I beg your pardon, sir, but missus is a good deal worrited about the soup, sir.

DUNBAR. Never mind the soup.

JER. No, sir, certainly not, sir, but you see, sir, you being from India, sir, and missus so proud of her receipt for Mulligatawny, sir, which she had it from a native, I've understood her, that come over 'ere as a prince, sir, but turned out on'y a ship's cook, sir, and run up a 'eavy bill, sir, and nothing for it but that receipt.

DUNBAR. Tell her I never take soup.

JER. No, sir, in course not, sir—dear me, sir, don't you, sir! that will

be a very great disappointment to missus, sir. What wine would you be pleased to order, sir? Here's the wine carte, sir. (*gives it*) Our French wine's generally approved, and there's a very particular forty sherry, sir.

DUNBAR. Chablis with the fish, Clos Vouglot with the removes; set it near the fire for five minutes, and put some Champagne in ice.

JER. Yes, sir, certainly, sir.

DUNBAR (*rising and walking up and down*). Really, this is rather cool treatment of Wilmot's. An hour about a mile walk! It can't be more than a mile?

JER. No, sir, I should say not, sir—I beg your pardon, sir, but from what to which?

DUNBAR. From where I left him, the second field past the cathedral.

JER. Not a mile from there to the Hollies, sir. It's just through Hag Bottom, sir, that's the wood in the next field, sir.

DUNBAR. I know; I left him on this side of it. The road's perfectly safe, I suppose?

JER. Oh, dear, yes, sir, safe as the bank, sir. That is, to be sure, there's the hoppers beginning to be about, and they're a roughish lot, you know, sir—Irish, a good many on 'em, and I can't abear Irish.

DUNBAR. Besides, it was broad daylight. (*sits*) No, I've no doubt Wilmot has found snug quarters at the Hollies, and is talking over me and my affairs with my old schoolfellow's widow. Long as I've known Wilmot, and much as I value him, he's an inveterate gossip!

JER. Yes, sir, he did seem a pleasant, cheerful party, sir. (*murmurs heard within*) Perhaps I'd better go and order the wine, sir. (*he goes to* C. *doors, as he opens them, a murmur is heard.*)

DUNBAR. What's that? eh? (*in alarm.*)

JER. A crowd in the 'all, sir. They've got something under a sheet

DUNBAR. Eh?

JER. On a shutter! (*shrinking back.*)

DUNBAR (*fiercely and loudly*). Do you mean to give me my death of cold, sir, with that open door?

JER. (*staring open-mouthed*). They're a lifting the sheet off! Gracious me! it's a corpse, sir! They're a bringing it up here!

CROWD *appear in corridor.*

DUNBAR. Here—how dare they—what's this? (*goes up to the* CROWD, *which opens to give him a sight of what they are carrying*) Joseph Wilmot! Dead! (*Tableau and*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The drawing room in Mr. Dunbar's House in Portland Place luxuriously furnished.* LAURA DUNBAR *at a tripod tea-table,* R. C., *presided over by* MARY, *doors* R. L. *and* C.

MARY. Please, Miss Laura, you *must* take something!

LAURA. How can I eat if I have no appetite, you stupid girl, and how can I have an appetite if I'm unhappy?

MARY. Unhappy! You miss!

LAURA (*throwing herself back on her chair*). Oh, if you knew, Mary!

MARY. You, that aunt says used to be as blithe as a bird, and as merry as a cricket, she says.

LAURA. Ah, that was while I was looking forward to papa's coming back.

MARY. Well, miss, and now he *has* come back.

LAURA. That's it! He doesn't love me. (MARY *makes a sign of dissent*) Oh, you may shake your head, Mary, and say stuff and nonsense to yourself, but I know! (*she sobs and buries her face in her handkerchief.*)

MARY. Now just you take a cup of tea, Miss Laura, and swallow all them vapors with it.

LAURA (*vehemently*). It is true, Mary, too true! Oh, I could be so much to him, and I am nothing.

MARY. Oh, please, miss, aunt says you mustn't take on as if fathers with banks and businesses had nothing to do but love their daughters. She says you must make allowances for India. It's so hot there, people comes to value coolness above everything, and ices their hearts like their liquors. And then, she says, you must allow for your pa's liver.

Enter SERVANT, C., *announcing.*

SERVANT. Mr. Lovell!

LAURA (*jumpping up*). Arthur! (*joyously.*)

MARY. That's the first time you've sounded happy since we came from Warwickshire.

Enter ARTHUR LOVELL, C.

LOVELL. Ah, Miss Dunbar. (*takes her hand warmly.*)

MARY. Please, miss, hadn't I better look out your new bonnet for your drive. (*aside to* LOVELL) Don't you be dashed, Mr. Arthur.

[*Exit* MARY, L.

LAURA (*who has been making* LOVELL *a cup of tea*). And when did you come back from Warwickshire? and how did you leave all my pets at the Abbey—the golden pheasants, and dear old Pluto, and my darling Lily?

LOVELL. All well. Oh, what would I give to see you on Lily again!

LAURA. Oh yes, shan't we have delightful long rides together, this year?

LOVELL (*sighs*). I'm afraid not.

LAURA (*looks inquiringly*).

LOVELL. I'm going away.

LAURA. Going away?

LOVELL. To India!

LAURA. Going to India?

LOVELL. Lord Harristown has offered me an Indian appointment—I mean to accept it.

LAURA. I shall feel very lonely when you are gone. (*rises*) I shall have nobody to care for me much. (*crosses to* L.)

LOVELL. You will have your father.

LAURA (*bursting out*). Oh, Arthur, if you only knew—I meant to hide it from you—from everybody—but I can't, he does not love me.

Enter DUNBAR, R.

LOVELL (*vehemently*). Not *love* you! Oh, who can know you and not love you? Give me one sweet hope to cheer me in my exile that you return my love.

LAURA (*gives him her hand*). I do love you, Arthur, deeply, truly.

HENRY DUNBAR *comes forward, they start, and stand confused.*

DUNBAR. Leave us, Laura, for a little. (*she looks wistfully at her father as if expecting a caress, but receiving none.*)

LAURA (*goes into her boudoir*). Is he angry? [*Exit*, L. 1 E.

DUNBAR. I guessed rightly then, Mr. Lovell?

LOVELL. Yes, sir. I love her, as truly ever man loved the woman of his choice, but——(*he pauses.*)

DUNBAR. She is the daughter of a man reputed very rich, and you fear her father may disapprove of your pretensions. Eh? "Faint heart never won fair lady!" (LOVELL *looks surprised*) You are young, with a head on your shoulders, fair prospects, everybody's good word; India has taught me to value men for what they are—you have my good will, there's my hand on it. (*rises.*)

LOVELL. Oh sir, you put my dream within my reach! May I tell her?

DUNBAR. I see no objection. But mind you treasure her love: it is a precious, a holy thing—the pure love of a woman. I, who know so well what a daughter's love is, have the best right to say so.

LOVELL. And yet Laura is miserable under the idea that you do not love her. If she could have heard you just now!

DUNBAR. It's not every man who can afford to wear his heart on his sleeve, like you young Adams and Eves of Fool's Paradise. Yes, you can tell her, and the sooner the knot's tied the better. I shall be glad to entrust her to a younger, a better protector. The climate and life here, I find, won't do after India. I'm hipped and half hypochondriac already.

LOVELL. You do look worn and anxious.

DUNBAR. All the climate; I shall have to try the continent, I foresee. (*aside—as if struck by a sudden thought*) Ha, yes, the very thing! (*to* LOVELL) I must see you married before I go. I dislike lawyer's jargon. I shall give Laura a handsome sum, make you a good allowance, and as I've an old Indian's love of gewgaws, she shall have the handsomest diamond necklace ever seen in St. George's. I'll arrange for *that* myself.

LOVELL. Then, with your leave, sir, after I've seen Laura I'll drive straight to Doctor's Commons.

DUNBAR. Good, and leave this (*pencils on a card*) for me in Hatton Garden *en route*. It's for our biggest diamond-wallah, giving him an appointment with me to-day in the city. (*aside*) The very motive I wanted!

[*Exit*, R.

LOVELL. Now for my little darling! I'm the happiest man in England, and Dunbar's a trump, an ace of trumps, the paragon of all possible fathers-in-law! [*Exit into* LAURA'S *boudoir*, L. 1. E.

Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH, *in deep mourning, ushered in by a servant*, C.

SERVANT. What name, Miss?

MARG. Miss Margaret Wentworth! (*gives card*) Mr. Dunbar may not know the name, say it is Miss Laura's music mistress. (SERVANT *is going*, R., *but hearing bell*, L. 1 E., *turns and exits*, L.) Yes, he refused to see me at Winchester under my own name of Margaret Wilmot; slunk away, behind a false promise, like a coward as he is. At last I shall confront him. And now the terrible truth will look out of my eyes, will speak through my lips, till he cowers before me, a self-convicted man! He could brave the inquest, the purblind jury, the partial and prejudiced magistrates! "What possible motive?" motive! Oh, had I been there I could have told them the secret of Henry Dunbar's youthful dishonor, forgotten by all but my father, the man he had destroyed. He shall know that secret did not die with him—that I inherit it.

Enter LAURA, L.

MARG. Laura!

LAURA. Oh, Margaret darling! (*runs up and kisses her.*)

MARG. Laura, you here! I had no notion you were in town. I thought you were in Warwickshire or I shouldn't have come.

LAURA. I'm so delighted to see you. I intercepted your card. To think of your having business with papa! What is it?

MARG. I cannot tell you.

LAURA. Oh, ho, a secret! But what's the matter? You're in deep mourning!

MARG. (*turns away*). I have lost my father since I saw you.

LAURA. My poor Margaret—and I was thinking only of my own happiness!

MARG. Never mind me; tell me of that, dear.

LAURA. Arthur Lovell has proposed and been accepted by papa.

MARG. I congratulate you; and from my heart I wish you happy.

LAURA. I wanted cheering up so much! Papa was so cold and stern. He seemed always to have some dark thought on his mind.

MARG. Yes, yes.

LAURA. But it seems he was very fond of me all the while. He has been speaking to Arthur so feelingly, he says, about the blessing of a daughter's love.

MARG. (*with a wild little cry*). Oh, I cannot bear this!

LAURA. Forgive me, I did not think of your loss: it's so hard not to be selfish, when one's so happy.

MARG. (*aside*). And I must destroy all this happiness, and so horribly! Not now, not while she is here. (*to* LAURA) On second thoughts, dear, give me back my card, I will not see your father.

LAURA. Oh, but you can't help yourself now, your card has gone in.

MARG. Not here, at least—not before you.

LAURA. In that room (*pointing* L.) you will be quite alone.

MARG. There is no escape! (*aside*) Heaven! guide me aright! Father, he had no mercy upon you! [*Exit into* LAURA's *boudoir*, L.

LAURA (*runs joyously across to* R. *door, and calls*) Papa, papa!

DUNBAR (*from within*). You are alone, Laura?

LAURA. Yes, papa, quite.

Enter HENRY DUNBAR, R., *evidently agitated, Margaret's card in his hand.*

DUNBAR. Mar—the young person who sent in this card, where is she?

LAURA. In my boudoir—waiting to see you. Yes, you needn't stare, she's my dear friend, Margaret Wentworth.

DUNBAR. *Your* friend!

LAURA. Yes, she used to give me music lessons. She's the dearest creature. (DUNBAR *turns away*) But she has lately lost her father.

DUNBAR. What do you mean by all this? (*fiercely*) As if didn't know enough—too much about her.

LAURA. What do you know?

DUNBAR. That she's the daughter of that poor wretch, Wilmot; the man—the man——

LAURA. Who received you at Southampton and was so cruelly murdered!

DUNBAR. Girl, how dare you? Don't you know I can't bear to think of it, to hear of it, that it well nigh crazes me to look back?

LAURA. I beg your pardon, papa, but her name is Wentworth.

DUNBAR. One of Wilmot's many aliases, he told me so. I cannot see her.

LAURA. Not see her, papa?

DUNBAR. No, the sight of her would shake me too much. I should have to live that miserable week over again. I tell you, child, I could not answer for the consequences.

LAURA. Must *I* tell her?

DUNBAR. Tell her what you will, so that she goes, now and forever. More than this your acquaintance with her must end.

LAURA. Oh, papa, I love her so—she is so fond of me!

DUNBAR. She is not a proper acquaintance for you. Her father was a dishonored man, an outcast, who knows what *she* may be. (*checking himself*) No, no, Heaven help me! I know nothing but good of her! Would I could say as much of her miserable father. (*he turns away.*)

LAURA. How am I to give her such a message?

DUNBAR. Your love will find you words, words that will spare her pain —tell her that I will *never* see her; that she must cease to seek it—that I will make her an allowance of two hundred pounds a-year. Here is the first fifty pounds: make her take it: poor girl, I owe it to her, Heaven knows, though he was not much of a father to her.

LAURA. Yet she loved him so dearly.

DUNBAR. As if *I* did not know that! (*impetuously*) Go to her, I say, get her away, let me never hear of her again!

[*Exit* R., *in a state of strong excitement.*

LAURA. Pale, quite pale, and scared! I have never seen him look so before. (*at door* L.) Margaret!

Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH, L. U. E.

MARG. (*eagerly*). Well?

LAURA. I'm so sorry, dear, papa refuses to see you.

MARG. Then he knows who I am—Margaret Wilmot?

LAURA. Yes, he cannot bear the shock.

MARG. I understand.

LAURA. He fears to call up the horrors of that week again.

MARG. He may well fear!

LAURA. And—and—he says our acquaintance must end too!

MARG. Better it should, oh, so much better! Good-bye, my darling.

LAURA (*embraces her passionately*). Oh, Margaret! It breaks my heart to leave you, in your unhappiness, too.

MARG. It is not your fault. (*aside—going*) I will bide my time.

LAURA. Stay, darling, he told me to give you this. (*gives envelope with note*) You will receive the same every quarter.

MARG. (*tearing up and throwing down the envelope*) I would sooner crawl from door to door begging my bread of the hardest stranger in this cruel world—I would sooner die of starvation, pulse by pulse, and limb by limb—than I would accept help from his hands!

LAURA. Margaret! Why, why is this?

MARG. I cannot tell you, Laura. May you never know! Now, for the last time, good-bye, and Heaven bless you!

LAURA (*sadly*). Stay a moment, I will tell my father. (*going* R., *turns*) Oh, Margaret! (MARGARET *signals her in, passionately.*)

[*Exit* LAURA, R.

MARG. Another broken, of the few ties that linked my life with love! But he shall not escape me. I will dog his steps—I will haunt his goings-out and his comings-in, but I *will* see him, and *he* shall see *me*, if I wait till I drop down dead! (*going*, C.)

Enter CLEMENT AUSTIN, C., *with papers in his hand.*

CLEM. You here, Margaret! (*takes her hand affectionately*) Ah, I little anticipated the pleasure of this meeting. It is so many weary days since we met.

MARG. That was by my own wish, Clement, I can wrestle best with my sorrow single-handed. But you know this man, or you would not be here?

CLEM. Know him, Margaret? Scarcely; but I'm chief cashier in the great house he is senior partner in. Look, (*shows paper*) I am bringing him this abstract of accounts, as a preparation for his first visit to the house this afternoon.

MARG. (*eagerly*). Clement, you must take me there.

CLEM. To the City, darling?

MARG. Where *he* will be. You must put me where I can see and speak with him—alone, if possible!

CLEM. Margaret! what have you to do with this man?

MARG. Henry Dunbar owes my father an awful debt. I want to remind him of that debt: to claim, not restitution—Heaven help me and him, it is too late for that—but reparation!

CLEM. Why not let *me* urge your claim upon him?

MARG. Nobody can speak to him as I can. Question me no more, Clement. Will you do this for me, for the sake of our love?

CLEM. I will. I know you would ask nothing it would be wrong of me to do.

MARG. My own noble Clement!

[*Exeunt* CLEMENT, R., MARGARET, L.

SCENE SECOND.—*Waiting-room in the Bank of Dunbar, Dunbar and Balderby.*

Enter MR. BALDERBY, R., *rubbing the sleeves of his coat, and the knees of his trousers, the* MAJOR *following in the act of apology.*

MAJOR. I'm immeasurably grieved! Allow me, my dear sir. (*assisting him to remove the dirt.*)

BALD. No more apologies, sir, you knocked me down, you've picked me up again, you say you didn't mean it, there's an end of the matter.

MAJOR. Excuse me, sir, there is not an end of the matter. There's my self-reproach. Major—I shall have to say to myself for some time to come—Major, you're an ass! Major, you're a moon-calf!

BALD. Pooh, pooh, sir! I'm not hurt: a brush and a basin will do all that's necessary—so good morning.

MAJOR. Good morning! By the way, I should like to know the name of my preserver—that is the gentleman I've had the misfortune——(BALDERBY *g ves card*) Balderby! *Mister* Balderby of the Great Indian House of Dunbar, Dunbar and Balderby! My name is Vernon, Major Vernon; I've the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with Mr. Dunbar, and was coming here to improve it.

BALD. Ah, made in India, I suppose?

MAJOR. Exactly, in India, up country; I've been knocked about in most quarters of the globe. Then we had a mutual acquaintance, that poor fellow Wilmot——

BALD. What, Joseph Wilmot, the man who——

MAJOR. Exactly! melancholy case. May I ask if Mr. Dunbar is in the house at present!

BALD. He's expected every minute.

MAJOR (*aside*). If I could draw him of a fiver—*a post obit* on poor Joe's account! (*to* BALDERBY) I should like to see him, to talk over our old Indian reminiscences.

BALD. (*aside*). Free and easy—looks shabby—dare say Dunbar has known some queer customers in India. If you'll send in your name to Mr. Dunbar, Major——

Enter HARTOGG, L.

Ah, Mr. Hartogg! Our first diamond merchant, Major! (*they bow.*)

MAJOR (*aside*). A diamond merchant! My heart warms to him, and hands too. (*breathes on his fingers, while he speaks* BALDERBY *and* HARTOGG *talk apart.*)

BALD. What! you don't mean that Mr. Dunbar has begun buying diamonds already?

HART. Means to give his daughter the finest thing in brilliants ever made up, so he has sent for me, and samples of my best stones.

BALD. (*shrugs his shoulders*). Well, if he likes to make ducks and drakes of his money!

HART. Would you like to see the stones, Mr. B.? (*getting out diamond paper from sandwich box, fastened round his waist by chain*) There's beauties, single and double cut!

BALD. No, no; *I've* no taste for such trumpery, if Dunbar has. I'll send you word when he comes. [*Exit* BALDERBY, L.

HART. Trumpery! Call stones like these "trumpery," Major?

MAJOR. A narrow-minded man, sir! Only understands money in the rough. *I* know something about stones, I flatter myself; if you would permit *me* to glance at them. (HARTOGG *opens paper.*)

HART. There, I think you'll own these specimen brilliants are stunners; they'll eat into about three hundred a piece!

MAJOR (*taking the paper*). Beautiful, beautiful! No objection to my flashing 'em a little, eh? (*flashes diamonds in paper*) A perfect feast of iridiscence! (*as* HARTOGG *folds up the other paper, the* MAJOR, *still pretending to look at the stones, is about to palm one.*)

Enter CARTER, R.

CARTER. Mind, Major! Your cuff's so wide one of 'em might slip up. (*taking stones from him, folds paper and gives it back to* HARTOGG) Best put 'em up, Mr. Hartogg, they're ticklish things to handle.

MAJOR (*aside*). Confound his interference—it's unhandsome!

HART. I little expected to see you here, Mr. Carter.

CARTER. The Major here is an old friend of mine. I saw him come in with Mr. Balderby, and could not resist the temptation of shaking hands.

MAJOR (*aside to him, severely*). None of your chaff, sir.

HART. (*looking off*, L.). Well, I'm off to the parlor, here's the Governor.

MAJOR (*shows agitation*). Where? (*looking off*, L., *starts*) That! By George!

CARTER (*looks sharp at him*). You've seen him before?

MAJOR. Yes, in India; you know I stopped there on my way home from——

CARTER. Australia, eh? (*looking significantly at him.*)

MAJOR. Exactly, when I came home as subaltern in charge of invalids.

CARTER (*aside to him*). You *are* a cool hand, Major.

MAJOR (*aside to* CARTER). If you must spoil sport, Harry, you needn't take away a fellow's character.

Enter MESSENGER, L.

MESSEN. Mr. Dunbar will see Mr. Hartogg. [*Exit* HARTOGG.

MAJOR (*writing on card in pencil*). Take in my card, Major Vavasour! [*Exit* MESSENGER, L.

CARTER. Hallo, Major, another alias?

MAJOR. You drive me to it, Harry; you've no respect for the feelings of a fellow's godfathers and godmothers.

CARTER. I was just in time; another minute and you would have ramped one of those sparklers, you know you would.

MAJOR. Your remark is personal, Mr. Carter. You nobbled me at Winchester on an unfounded charge; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Luckily I *did* prove my alibi *then*, to the satisfaction of a jury of my countrymen; but if I'm to have *you* always at my heels, I might as well be in quod at once; so good morning, Mr. Carter. [*Exit* MAJOR, L.

CARTER. No you don't, Major; I don't lose sight of you so easily; with money and blank checks about, and diamonds handy—who knows—you might be tempted. [*Exit* CARTER, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Bank Parlor, glass doors with curtains over them,* C.; *doors first and second,* L. *and* R.; *window with blinds*—DUNBAR *at table, with* HARTOGG, *who is refolding his papers,* BALDERBY *with his back to the fire.*

DUNBAR. Then we understand each other. By Thursday you will bring me the diamonds unset, to the tune of from seventy to eighty thousand pounds. You see I want an investment as well as an ornament, Mr. Hartogg.

HARTOGG. And white stuff like that is rising twenty per cent. every year—I'm proud of the order, sir, and I'll do justice to it.

[*Exit* HARTOGG, L.

BALDERBY *comes forward and sits at table,* C.

BALD. Now we can go into business. I only got your letter from Warwickshire on Saturday. Luckily every thing was ready, so if you'd like to look at the books——

DUNBAR. No, Mr. Balderby, I'm quite content to remain a sleeping partner: the house will get on quite as well without me. My business to-day is purely personal. I'm a rich man, but I don't know exactly how rich, and I want to realize a large amount of ready money. (BALDERBY *bows*) There are the settlements for my daughter's marriage with Arthur Lovell, and their allowance and this gew-gaw. I mean to do things handsomely. I'm not a demonstrative man, Mr. Balderby, but I love my daughter. (*passes his handkerchief over his face.*)

BALD. No doubt of that, Mr. Dunbar.

DUNBAR. My father's account has been transferred to my name, I think?

BALD. Last September. (*rises and rings*) If you'd like to see the state of it: it's all ready.

Enter MESSENGER, C.

Send Mr. Austin with Mr. Dunbar's account. [*Exit* MESSENGER, C.

Mr. Austin is an invaluable cashier.

Enter AUSTIN *with books,* DUNBAR *bows to him, c.—He places the book before him open at a mark—*DUNBAR *runs his finger down to the total.*

DUNBAR. £137 926 17s. 2d. How is this money invested?

CLEM. £50,000 in India stock, about £20,000 in railway debentures, most of the rest in Exchequer Bills.

DUNBAR. They can be realized at once.

BALD. Rather a large amount to draw out of the business; (*rubbing his hands cheerfully*) but I hope we can afford it.

DUNBAR. You will hold yourself ready to cash some heavy checks of mine in the course of the week. (*rising.*)

BALD. Certainly, Mr. Dunbar. Is that all?

DUNBAR. All at present.

BALD. Then I'll bid you good morning. (*aside*) Short but sharp and to the point. Quite like business.

Exit BALDERBY, c., AUSTIN *takes books and is following.*

DUNBAR. Stay, Mr. Austin. (AUSTIN *puts down books and pauses, listening respectfully.*) I want to arrange about an annual payment—not my own account. Perhaps you will have no objection to letting the money pass through you.

CLEM. None whatever, sir, if you will let me know the amount and the person.

DUNBAR. Two hundred pounds, to be paid quarterly to Miss Margaret Wilmot.

CLEM. Margaret Wilmot!

DUNBAR. Or Wentworth, the daughter of my old servant. He may be said to have died in my service, besides, I owed him some compensation for an early and involuntary injury.

CLEM. I know, sir.

DUNBAR. You know? You know my early relations with that man—from whom!

CLEM. From his daughter herself! I told her I was sure you would acknowledge her claims on you.

DUNBAR. You only did me justice. You know her well then?

CLEM. Very well, sir. I am deeply interested in her. We are engaged, sir.

DUNBAR. Engaged! I am glad of it from my heart—I congratulate you. You have found a treasure.

CLEM. How little she dreams that you appreciate her so truly.

DUNBAR. I do. Heaven knows I do! Let her know it.

CLEM. She thinks you hate her.

DUNBAR. Hate her!

CLEM. At least that you avoid her in a way only to be explained by hate or fear.

DUNBAR. She is wrong, very wrong. I don't wish to see her, you can understand *that.* But I mean well by her, and I shall be a happier man to know her happy. Look here, Mr. Austin, the management of our Indian Branch is vacant, what do you say to taking it?

CLEM. Sir! I never dreamed of having such a chance.

DUNBAR. You would take her with you.

CLEM. I fear she would refuse, she has set her heart on discovering her father's murderer.

DUNBAR. So I've heard, but she must not waste her life on fruitless quest; at least, let her know of this offer, and assure her, do assure her,

she has a friend in me. Promise me to satisfy her of that—promise me. I shall not be easy till I know you have succeeded.

CLEM. (*going*). I will do my best and let you know the result. (*going—aside*) He means what he says, and yet this morbid unwillingness to meet her face to face! [*Exit* C.

Enter MESSENGER, C.

MESSEN. Mr. Carter!

DUNBAR. Carter?

MESSEN. The famous detective, sir. The house has often employed him in forgery cases, sir——

DUNBAR. Show him in.—(*Exit* MESSENGER.)—I cannot bear this much longer.

Enter CARTER, C.

You wished to see me, M ˊarter? Sit down.

CARTER. Thank you, Mr. Dunbar. It's about that man that was murdered at Winchester—Wilmot——

DUNBAR. Am I never to hear anything but that name. I beg your pardon. Go on, what of him?

CARTER. I was thinking of going down to the spot myself, and I thought perhaps you might like to meet me there. You see the County Constabulary is a slow lot, and in spite of your £100 and her Majesty's £100, the job seems to hang fire.

DUNBAR. It would be very painful—still if I could get away from business—but you see there's so much to do after my long absence in India.

CARTER. Naturally, sir.

DUNBAR. Don't start without seeing me. Meantime if you want an advance for preliminary expenses ——

CARTER. Well, these things does walk into money. If you like to stand a tenner or two.

DUNBAR. Take this. (*gives notes*) And if you require more, command my purse, Mr. Carter.

CARTER. You can't say fairer than that, sir, can you? (*putting up notes*) You see I'm rather sweet on the job. It ain't so much the reward, though two hundred pounds ain't to be sneezed at, nor the man himself—he was a bad lot—but it's his daughter, as nice, pretty-looking, hard-working a girl as you'd wish to see, sir; she's set her heart on spotting the parties—finding on 'em out, that is.

DUNBAR. What is her idea?

CARTER. If you'll not mind my mentioning it, sir—in course there's nothing in it—but she've the idea *you* had a hand in it. (*half laughing.*)

DUNBAR. I! Monstrous! And *she* accuses *me?*

CARTER. Ah! it ain't agreeable to have that sort of thing entered in the charge-sheet agin one, is it, sir? "But where's the motive?" I says to her: "My father's knowledge of his secret;" she says to me: "Nonsense," I says to her, "Mr. Dunbar's got money enough to buy all the secrets that ever was kept: secrets is like other articles," I says, "they're only kep' to sell." Well, I'll let you know, before I start. Good morning, sir. [*Exit* CARTER, C.

Enter MESSENGER C., *with card*—HENRY DUNBAR'S *back is to* C. *door.*

MESSEN. (*giving card*). Major Vavasour.

DUNBAR I cannot see strangers—(*enter the* MAJOR *quietly*, C.) say I'm engaged. (MESSENGER *turns to go, sees the* MAJOR, *and exits astonished.*)

MAJOR (*coming forward*). Don't say so, Mr. Dunbar. Don't cold shoul-

der an old friend, who has had rather too much cold shoulder lately, and is anxious to return to hot joints. (HENRY DUNBAR *rises, and fixes his eye upon him—an inward struggle—he drinks a glass of water, and remains standing and silent*) I see you remember me.

DUNBAR. Stephen Vallance.

MAJOR. Excuse me, didn't you get that card? Vavasour—Major Vavasour; my friends at the corner—Field Lane Corner, I mean—gave me my military rank, and I treated myself to the family addition. If one insisted on calling people by their true names, (*significantly*) who knows what it might come to. But I see you don't mean to cut me.

DUNBAR. I never disown an old acquaintance. What do you want?

MAJOR. Well, not to put too fine a point on it, most of the things you've got—a good coat on my back, a quiet trap, a *recherché* dinner with a bottle of sound claret to it, and above all, a handsome balance at my banker's.

DUNBAR (*sighing, draws check-book to him*). How much?

MAJOR. Well, as you *are* kind enough to propose a check, make it a thumper.

DUNBAR. You shall not find me stingy.

MAJOR. No, there always was something princely about you; suppose we say a couple of thou——

DUNBAR. Two thousand pounds! at once!

MAJOR. Yes it seems a lump of money, especially when there's only two hundred pounds offered for the discovery of a murder; but you see I've an investment or two in my eye—and then, (*surveying himself*) what the builders call "general repairs" come expensive. (DUNBAR *gives him check—the* MAJOR *examines it carefully*) To bearer—that's right. But I say, Mr. Dunbar, honor bright, you mean business——

DUNBAR. I should think that check a pretty good proof of it.

MAJOR. A splendid beginning, but it's not to be beginning, middle, and end, is it? You aint a-going to come the gentle bolt—an early mizzle across the Herring-pond, eh, friend of my soul?

DUNBAR. Why should I run away?

MAJOR. Just what I say! Why should a man cut landed estates, fine houses, half a million of money, and attached friends who knew him in earlier days? Still, I've seen a thing or two—that little diamond game, you know. (*significantly*) If this attached friend's re-appearance has anything to do with such an idea—dismiss it.

DUNBAR. You may make your mind as easy about any probability of my bolting as I do about any chance of danger from you.

MAJOR. Oh, you're not afraid of me, then?

DUNBAR. You're no fool, and you know the story of the Goose with the Golden Eggs! No, Vallance—Vavasour, I mean—I'm not afraid of you.

MAJOR. Well, you know best. Now to cast my chrysalis, and emerge the gilded butterfly of the summer hour. (*takes his hand*) How cold your hand is. Re-action from India, I suppose—ta, ta, *au reservoir*, as we say in the classics! [*Exit*, C.

DUNBAR. There must be an end of this or an end of me! Another sword hanging over my head! As if she was not enough! I must have Austin's decision. (*going—opens* C. *door, but starts back and closes it hastily*) Ha! she is there, in close conversation with Austin! She didn't see me! (*rings.*)

Enter MESSENGER, C.

Send Mr. Austin to me. By the way, is there no way in and out of this room without facing the draught of that passage?

MESSEN. There's the private door, sir, (*pointing to door*, R.) leading through the yard into Botolph's Lane. [*Exit* MESSENGER, C.

DUNBAR. That is my road. Who can have brought her here? Does Austin share her suspicion?

Enter CLEMENT AUSTIN, C.—DUNBAR *takes care to station himself so as not to be seen from the passage when* C. *door opens.*

CLEM. I have seen Miss Wentworth.

DUNBAR. I know you have. (*sternly*) Was it you who brought her here, who stationed her in that passage?

CLEM. It was at her earnest desire.

DUNBAR. So, you make yourself a party with her in dogging your employer! Take care, Mr. Austin.

CLEM. I don't understand you, sir. I assist her in an object which seems to me perfectly natural. She wishes to urge the claims that flow from her father's wrongs.

DUNBAR. You have explained to her that I admit them to the full?

CLEM. She is not satisfied.

DUNBAR. You have told her of my offer of this Indian appointment?

CLEM. She refuses to accompany me—she urges me to decline the situation.

DUNBAR. And you are content to be a puppet in her hands! Poor weak fool.

CLEM. Mr. Dunbar! these are words I will not put up with from any man.

DUNBAR (*more and more vehemently*). Quarrel with your opportunity! Thrust fortune from you! Plot against your employer—his good name, and while you are the salaried servant of the house!

CLEM. I will not touch its pay from to-day. Mr. Dunbar, I give the firm notice to provide themselves with another cashier. [*Exit*, C.

DUNBAR. Come back, Mr. Austin. (*going after him, shrinks from the door*) He's gone! I cannot encounter her pale, sad face! (*rings*) There is nothing left but this.

Enter MESSENGER, C.

Tell Mr. Balderby I shall not be back to-morrow. I am going down to Maudsley Abbey, till after Miss Dunbar's marriage.

[*Exit hastily by private door.*

MARG. (*at door*, C.). Let me go, Clement! I will see him!

Enter MARGARET *and* CLEMENT, C.

MARG. Gone!

MESSEN. Mr. Dunbar, miss? Off down to Maudsley Abbey.

[*Exit* MESSENGER, C.

MARG. What did I tell you, Clement? Is this flight or is it not? He avoids me. I will not be shaken off. He flies from London. I will follow him to Maudsley Abbey!

CLEM. Nay, Margaret, his early wrong to your father was heavy, but that's near thirty years ago.

MARG. (*interrupting*) His early wrong! do you think *that* is the crime I mean?

CLEM. What other has he committed?

MARG. I may speak it now—now that you no longer eat his bread. (*with concentrated earnestness*) Henry Dunbar is my father's murderer!

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Room in Maudsley Abbey—Picturesque Elizabethan room, tapestry-hung or panneled—window,* C., *looking on an autumnal landscape—doors,* R. 3 E., *and* L. 1 *and* 3 E.—*fire-place,* R., *antique chairs, tables and cabinets, heavy crimson draperies, bottles and glasses on side table,* L.—*time, late on an autumn afternoon*—MARY *discovered at window.*

MARY. There they goes, bless 'em! Oh wherever have I been and put that old shoe? (*finds it in her pocket and throws it out of window,* L. U. E.) Oh, my, if I haven't hit the butler right atop of his bald head. (*calls out of window*) Beg your pardon, sir, I didn't go to do it. Oh, my, here's master! [*Exit* L. 1 E.

Enter DUNBAR, L. 2 E.

DUNBAR (*goes to window and looks out*). Gone at last! I hope she will be happy. But I musn't waste time moon-calfing. I can't undo the miserable past, but the future is mine still—a dreary one at best, but better than this life. It's growing too dark for to-night's work. (*rings*) Yes, by to-morrow morning I shall have put the sea between me and the prying eyes that make my life here one long, miserable watch.

Enter SERVANT, L. U. E.

Lights! (*sits and leans his head on his hands*) Give me the brandy. Say I do not wish to be disturbed. (*Exit* SERVANT—*drinks brandy*) Now for my travelling arrangements. No circular notes, no courier for me, nothing to leave the milord trail behind me. (*takes out leather belt divided into compartments—lights brought by* SERVANT) A relic of life at the diggings—it must carry diamonds instead of dust now. (*takes a little canvas bag from his pocket, pours diamonds from it into a paper and begins to put them into the belt.*)

Enter MAJOR *quietly,* R 3 E.

MAJOR. A delicate job rather, wants a steady hand. (DUNBAR *pauses in the act of filling the belt and looks at the* MAJOR; *a diamond or two drops.*) You've dropped some.

DUNBAR. I gave orders I was not to be disturbed.

MAJOR. That's why I came in so quietly. (*takes hold of belt*) A remarkably neat thing in belts, and the best way of carrying a large amount of ready in a small compass I ever saw.

DUNBAR. They are brilliants I have bought for a necklace for my daughter.

MAJOR. Ah, you are so fond of your child! (*sits*) If you find the lot too heavy I should be happy to accommodate you.

DUNBAR. Thank you.

MAJOR. Well, the happy couple have departed. A roughish night for a honeymoon. It's only fit for social enjoyment indoors. What's that passage of my favorite Cowper? (*recites, suiting the action to the words*)

> Now, stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains—wheel the sofa round,
> And let us welcome peaceful evening in.

By the way, isn't there something in it about the cup that cheers but not inebriates waiting on each? Suppose we have in the cups?

DUNBAR. I presume you'd prefer Chambertin to Congou. (*rings.*)
MAJOR. That dear Dunbar! Remembers my old tastes to a hair!

Enter SERVANT, R. U. E.

DUNBAR. A bottle of Burgundy.
MAJOR. Two, James! [*Exit* SERVANT, R. U. E.
DUNBAR (*takes a turn or two around the room, then stops suddenly*). Stephen Vallance, how long is this to last?
MAJOR. While the present is so cozy, why should we pry into the future?
DUNBAR. Or the past either!
MAJOR. No, it's seldom pleasant! do you ever look back, Mr. Dunbar?
DUNBAR. As little as I can.

Enter SERVANT *with wine, which he places on table, then exit* R. U. E.

MAJOR. My own rule! But there *are* times. (*thoughtfully, his tone gradually deepening into sadness*) To-night, for instance—this room that looks so warm and snug in the fire light. It reminds me of just such a room, some thirty years ago, in an old-fashioned rectory, with a grey-headed couple at the fire-side, and a lad fresh from college, with his head full of wine-parties, and cards, and the odds, sick of home and its innocent pleasures already. Ah, well, let's wash away such musty memories—what's the use of thinking.
DUNBAR. Or awakening thought. I can remember things too, things better left sleeping. Stephen Vallance, you should know I am not a man safe to provoke too far.
MAJOR. Like Othello—slightly altered—one not easily savage, but, being riled, nasty in the extreme.
DUNBAR. Drop this tomfoolery! Yet, knowing what you do, you dare to provoke me thus!
MAJOR. Provoke, my dear Dunbar!
DUNBAR. To dog me in London!
MAJOR. Dog? Oh, hang it!
DUNBAR. To follow me down here!
MAJOR. Don't say follow, if followers ain't allowed.
DUNBAR. To intrude upon me here in my own house!
MAJOR. Your own house? "'Twas his, 'tis mine, and may be slave to thousands." The immortal William down on it as usual!
DUNBAR. There must be an end of this.
MAJOR. Of course there must, as of all things here below, but I mean to keep it up as long as possible. You'll be happy to hear I've set up my tent not three miles from your park gates.
DUNBAR. You have?
MAJOR. Yes, you behold in me the contented proprietor of Woodbine Cottage, late the freehold of Admiral Manders, now the property of Colonel Vallancey.
DUNBAR (*sneeringly*). Colonel Vallancey?
MAJOR. Yes, I've got my step since I last saw you, and I've removed into another family.
DUNBAR. At least you stick to the V's!
MAJOR. Yes, it saves the necessity of altering the initials on one's linen.
DUNBAR. I did not know you had any.
MAJOR. Henry Dunbar, that is not kind. When I first met you, my early friend, I don't blush to own I was short of shirts; but as soon as I

came into my fortune my first investment, I give you my honor, was in four dozen Eurekas, first quality, fine cambric front and wristbands. Linen is my pet weakness. (*pulls down his cuffs.*)

DUNBAR. Clean cuffs may help to dispense with clean hands occasionally, eh?

MAJOR. Ah, a lesson of life we have both learned. But now that we are neighbors let us be neighborly. (*takes the bottle and sings.*)

DUNBAR. Well, if it must be, let us drink a long and a happy tenancy of Woodbine Cottage. (*drinks*) Colonel Vallancey, your health!

MAJOR. Mr. Henry Dunbar, yours, and many of them! We shall meet often, and I trust always as pleasantly. I can't give you the splendor of your own Elizabethan mansion, but in my little box you will at least find comfort and a certain modest elegance, and, talking of that, my kyind, my generous benefactor, may I remark that a freehold investment, however modest, walks into money, and that furnishing, simple as one's tastes may be, runs expensive.

DUNBAR. You mean you want to bleed me again?

MAJOR. You Anglo-Indians are so quick!

DUNBAR. How much this time?

MAJOR. Well, the last prescription did me a great deal of good. Suppose we say, the draft as before.

DUNBAR. There! (*gives him check*) And now you've a rough walk before you, let me light you to the door.

MAJOR. Don't trouble yourself! (DUNBAR *takes the lamp*, MAJOR *takes it from him and puts it down on side table*) It's flaring up, you see, as you did just now! (*turns down light.*)

DUNBAR (*at window*). A dark night! (*looking out.*)

MAJOR. The sort of a night a man wouldn't be very safe in, if anybody wanted to knock him on the head, eh, Mr. Dunbar?

DUNBAR. You are in no such danger here, if that's your meaning, Vallancey.

MAJOR (*ironically*). In danger from you, my early friend! Still, if anybody *did* think of trying it on, it's as well they should know I always carry a young man's best companion—the six volumes bound in one! (*produces a revolver.*) [*Exit* MAJOR, R. U. E.

DUNBAR. No peace—no escape from this constant terror here or in London! And now a spy on guard at my very door! This decides me. (*rings*) I will not sleep another night in England!

Enter SERVANT, L. 1 E.

Send Mary Madden to me. (*exit* SERVANT, L. 1 E.) Yes, I can trust her, the other servants might chatter.

Enter MARY, L. 1 E.

Oh, Mary, I've a sudden call to Paris to-night.

MARY. To Paris, sir? And the night that dark, and like to be a gale afore morning, keeper says!

DUNBAR. We shall have a rough crossing, but I must face it. The business is urgent and secret. I don't want my journey talked about, you understand?

MARY. Oh nobody shouldn't get it out of me, sir, not if they cut my tongue out.

DUNBAR. I know you are trustworthy. I want you to pack me a small portmanteau yourself, and order the brougham to be ready at ten.

MARY. That I will, punctual, sir, and I'll say you was going out for a night airing. [*Exit* L. 1 E.

DUNBAR. Let me see: (*looks at Bradshaw*) I can catch the night mail at Maudsley, and still be in time for the tidal train to Dover—and yet, what's the good of flight? I may escape the gallows, but I can't fly from myself, my own thoughts. Oh, if I could but sleep away the time from now till then—— Is there no forgetfulness for me in this? (*takes up wine*) In brandy, in opium?—no waking but what is full of blood and bitterness—no sleep without dreams worse even than waking? By day or night, in the darkness or the broad sunshine, I see him before me always. I set my brain—I brace my nerves, I thrust the hideous thing from me, but it will come back—with those wide-open, glassy eyes staring up into mine! (*shudders*) Oh, if the darkness could hide him from me—could hide me from myself! If I could sleep and never wake again! (*he lets his head fall on his hands, and sinks down at the table in an attitude of despair.*)

Enter MARGARET WENTWORTH *cautiously at the door, she listens, first for sounds of pursuit, then for sounds in the room, then softly locks the door behind her, then listens and peers through the half-dark of the room.*

MARG. All is quiet, he sleeps! (*steals toward him, pressing her hand on her heart as if to still its beating*) He can sleep, while I am here! (*she draws nearer*) He mutters in his dreams! (*she listens intently.*)

DUNBAR (*in sleep, as if wrestling with a horrid memory*). Cover his face! why can't you close his eyes, some of you, for pity's sake! (MARGARET *shudders.*)

MARG. Again! (*she listens; he mutters indistinctly*) What is it?

DUNBAR (*in his sleep*). Margaret!

MARG. My name! (*she turns up the lamp*) Awake Henry Dunbar, awake, and look on the daughter of the man you murdered. (*as* WILMOT *awakes and springs to his feet, the light falls on his face; he gazes as if bewildered.*)

WILMOT. Margaret!

MARG. Father! not dead! (*she moves towards him with her arms held out as if to clasp him, then suddenly recoiling, shrieks and falls in hysterics at his feet.*)

WILMOT. She's found me at last! All's over now—better so, better so—better discovery and the gallows, than this daily and nightly horror. Look up, Margaret, my poor girl, look up!

MARG. (*struggling to her feet and gazing wildly at him*). Is this a dream? Am I mad? Who is this? Father! (*he approaches her, she shrinks back*) No, no!

WILMOT. Margaret! (*he holds out his hands to her*) Come to me!

MARG. No, no! (*shuddering*) There's blood on them!

WILMOT (*looking mournfully at her and then at his hands*). There is; blood which time nor tears—your tears and mine—can ever wash out. Don't look so at me, Margaret!

MARG. But they call you Henry Dunbar? I do not understand: you sit in his place, this house is *his!* Oh, father, father, there is blood on everything around! (*looks round shuddering*—DUNBAR *approaches*) Do not come near me, father, let me die, I will say nothing, only let me die!

WILMOT. Margaret, it's bad enough with me, but not so bad as you think. I killed him, (MARGARET *cowers together*) but it was no foul blow, no-planned assassination—no murder!

MARG. No murder!

WILMOT. No. Unless hot blood, and blow for blow in sudden quarrel be murder, this was none.

MARG. Father—(*with a shade of joy, but checking it*) think before whom you are speaking!

WILMOT. Before my own child.

MARG. And before Heaven! Think too, the deed is done now: no lie can help, no truth, not the blackest, can make it blacker.

WILMOT. Margaret you know me and my life! I have blushed before you—before my own daughter—often: I have been silent sometimes before you, but I have never lied to you.

MARG. (*throws herself into his arms*) Never! Oh, I can kiss those poor sinful hands—there *is* blood on them, but not the blood of murder. (*again recoiling from him*) But since then you have lived a lie!

WILMOT. My only thought was how to hide my crime.

MARG. Oh, would to Heaven it had been to confess it!

WILMOT. Amen! but love of life is strong, Margaret, and the devil is ever at hand. He it was that whispered "Why not take the dead man's name and place?" None here remembered him, he was a stranger even to his child. We were not so unlike—and so, the devil still prompting, I changed clothes with the dead.

MARG. (*she shrinks away from him*). Horrible!

WILMOT. You know the rest. What you can never know is the hell my life has been since then. The devil helped me bravely before the jury, the magistrates, among strangers, but he left me so soon as I was alone. Then came the horror of my deed, the terror of detection, the stifling of the mask that must be worn for life, or torn off only to leave my face bare under the gallows! (*he hides his face in his hands and shakes with the violence of his emotion.*)

MARG. The gallows? Oh no, no! This is a case for Heaven's justice, not man's. You must fly, find some safe retreat abroad, I will join you there.

WILMOT. Needless, needless. There's too short a future before me that I should shun it.

MARG. No, no, I will watch over you, give you warning of danger, only promise me to fly to-night. Heaven will grant you time for repentance: it will come.

WILMOT (*sadly*). It *has* come, girl; if repentance be misery unutterable, to wake with the wish that you may never see the night, to close your eyes and hope they may never open on the morning!

MARG. No, father, this is remorse, not repentance. This is but the misery of guilt, repentance brings the prayer that guilt may be forgiven. Father we will pray that prayer together! (*she clasps him in her arms and kneels at his side, trying to draw him to his knees.*)

END ON ACT THREE.

ACT IV.

SCENE FIRST.—*Same as the last scene.*—LAURA *and* MARY *discovered. Night lamps.*

LAURA. Three days ago, Mary! and never out of his room since?

MARY. Not so much as over the door-sill, ma'am. Why, they've never even took his clothes off, not so much as the belt he wears about him, all full of little 'ard knobs—as bad as wearin' a nutmeg grater around his waist, I should say.

LAURA. Poor father! How lucky it was we were within telegraphic reach, Mary, or we might not have heard of the accident for weeks!

MARY. Yes, ma'am, we're guided, that you may take your Bible oath on, which when your pa told me that he were a-going to start off to Paris all of a heap like, I felt something was a goin' to happen. In course I didn't know it was the train a-goin' to bust off the line, but something I knowed it was, and so I told Eliza. "Eliza," I says, "mark my words," I says, "something's a-goin to 'appen," and the next thing I see, not eight hours afterwards, was master brought back to the 'all door, in the Maudsley fly, and the man in his stable boots, for all the world like a corpse, only groanin', and as such he've lied ever since.

LAURA. Oh, Mary, how I wish I might go to him. He might love me now—now that he is weak and helpless, and wants tender nursing.

Enter LOVELL, R. U. E.

Don't you think I might go to him?

LOVELL. No, darling, Doctor Dean insists on perfect quiet, or he cannot answer for the consequences. Under any excitement he might sink rapidly.

LAURA. My poor father!

LOVELL. The notion that he is watched irritates him. I promised him we would all retire; so come, darling, you must obey orders.

LAURA. Obey orders, and not four days married! (*he kisses her.*)

MARY. And I'm that tired, ma'am I'm a-droppin' off on my legs like a night cab 'oss.

[*Exeunt* ARTHUR, *leading* LAURA *tenderly off*, L. 2 E., MARY *following.*

Enter HENRY DUNBAR, R. U. E., *slowly and with difficulty he gropes his way towards the writing-table, supporting himself by the furniture.*

DUNBAR. Alone at last! I cannot lie there and think—and yet solitude is better than society; I must write to Margaret, if I can guide the pen, to tell her of the accident that stayed my flight—that I am lying here a prisoner, crippled, crushed, body and soul! (*he gets to a chair and sinks into it—takes the pen, but pauses ere writing*) She will come to me, to comfort my loneliness, to help me wrestle with my remorse, give me the courage, perhaps, to face the terrors of retribution. (*shudders*) It has never been out of my thoughts as I've been lying there. The great black beam, the dangling chain, the white faces of the crowd all looking up—and not one pitiful—and their roar of execration as I step out on to the scaffold! (*shudders, low knocking at the window*—DUNBAR, *terror-stricken, strugg es to his feet, and stands aghast, with parted lips, trembling and listening*) Hark! who's there?

MARG. (*without, faintly, but in a voice of agonizing earnestness*). Let me in! For pity's sake let me in!

DUNBAR. Margaret! (*he makes his way to the window, not without difficulty, and opens it.*)

Enter MARGARET, *haggard, dishevelled, her dress disordered, no bonnet, a shawl draped about her.*

MARG. Father! Thank Heaven you are up and about.

DUNBAR. What brings you here at such an hour as this? (MARGARET, *breathless and confused, and speaking with difficulty, as if she could scarce compose her thoughts to frame words, supports herself by grasping a chair.*)

MARG. Danger! Danger to you! I've been running. There's not a

moment to be lost—not a moment. They'll be here directly. I feel as if they had been close behind me all the way! There is not a moment—not a moment!

DUNBAR. I cannot fly, Margaret; that accident!

MARG. I saw it in the papers; that's why I came back here from Winchester.

DUNBAR. From Winchester? (*in terror*) What has happened there. Why are you so haggard and worn?

MARG. Oh, father, I have not known one hour's peaceful sleep since that night. For the last two nights I have not slept at all. I have been on the railway, walking from place to place, till I could drop at your feet! I want to tell you, but my head is confused, and the words won't come somehow. (*she points to her parched lips, makes last effort to speak, but reels, and is about to fall;* DUNBAR *supports her and gives her brandy.*)

DUNBAR. There—there, my poor darling, you are better now.

MARG. You must leave this house directly. They will be here to look for you—Heaven knows how soon.

DUNBAR. They? who?

MARG. Carter, the detective, and—and Clement Austin.

DUNBAR. Austin! your lover? you have not betrayed me, Margaret.

MARG. I! oh, father!

DUNBAR. No, no, forgive me! But what brings them here—they have no proof.

MARG. No proof? Oh, father, you don't know—you don't know—they've been to Winchester. It was my doing—I urged Carter and Clement. I did not know, then. But I went after them. I watched them, and all they did—unseen—in the streets—down through the meadows—in that wood. (*she shudders*) They went straight to a pond, and began dragging the water.

DUNBAR. Dragging the water?

MARG. I did not know then what they wanted to find.

DUNBAR. (*with feverish eagerness*) But did they find it?

MARG. Yes; a bundle of soddened and discolored rags!

DUNBAR. Dunbar's clothes! his name was on them!

MARG. I waited for no more—I ran all the way to Winchester, to the station; I took the first train to London, the night mail to Maudsley, I ran hither!

DUNBAR. They know all by this time. They will be here soon! Well. let them come, better it should end at once.

MARG. No, father, no. It is not that you may escape the penalty of your deed. Oh, as if you could do that! But I would leave your punishment in Heaven's hand, not man's. You must fly!

DUNBAR. I cannot; this accident. Margaret, I am a doomed, perhaps, a dying man. I have the doctor's word for it. But I feel it here (*puts his hand to his heart*) without that——

MARG. Oh, no, no! you can walk. (*he shakes his head*) Only as far as the stables? I can saddle a horse: you may reach the station unseen: which is the way to the stables?

DUNBAR. By that window to the right. (*points to window,* R. 2 E.)

MARG. (*taking lamp*) Wrap yourself up warm, father. I will be back directly. [*Exit* R. 2 E.

DUNBAR. I will make a last effort for her sake, poor girl. After all, life is sweet, and repentance—repentance! Oh, if I were sure that would come—such repentance as the spoke of——that comes by praying for, that brings the hope to be forgiven! If misery can bring that hope, it should come to me. (*puts his hand to his breast*) That pain again, like a knife in my heart! Shall I have strength to sit a horse, I wonder?

Re-enter MARGARET, R. U. E.

MARG. Now let me help you with your coat. (*helps him on with loose coat*) The horse is saddled, I'll assist you to mount. Come, quick and silently!

DUNBAR. But you, my girl—they must not find you here.

MARG. You did not think I would leave you, father? I will lead the horse or hold by the stirrup, it's only three miles to the station. Never fear me, I'll not faint: look how strong I am.

DUNBAR. Margaret, to go with me is to couple yourself with shame and danger, on a road that leads only to death, one way or other.

MARG. The more need of my arm to stay you along that road. (*pleading passionately with him*) Let me go with you, father! There is nothing for me in all the world except the hope of forgiveness for you. I want to be with you, I do not want you to be alone with your own thoughts! Father, I *will* go with you! (*she clasps him in her arms; they exeunt at window.*)

Enter LAURA, *in a wrapper*, L. 2 E.

LAURA. I thought I heard voices! I must have been dreaming! No, I couldn't have been dreaming, for I've never been asleep, I'm quite sure of that. (*goes up to door of* DUNBAR'S *room*, R. U. E.) All's quiet. Is papa asleep, I wonder? The door's ajar: there's a lamp burning: I've a good mind to peep in. (*pushes door a little open*) He must be asleep! (*goes in a little further*) The bed's empty! What does this mean! Gone! (*calls*) Arthur!

Enter LOVELL, L., *followed by* MARY.

LOVELL. Laura, why are you here, what's the matter?

LAURA. Papa! he's not in his bed, not in his room, not here!

LOVELL. Not in his room? (*enters* DUNBAR'S *room hastily.*)

LAURA. Oh, Mary, what can have happened?

MARY I shouldn't wonder. ma'am, if he's been took delirious and gone off. [*knocking without*, L.

Re-enter LOVELL, R. U. E.

LAURA (*starts*). Hark! (*going*, LOVELL *stops her.*)

LOVELL. Go, Mary, see who that can be, at this hour.

[*Exit* MARY, R. 2 E.

LAURA. If it should be some terrible tidings of papa!

LOVELL. Compose yourself, my darling; we must rouse the servants.

Enter MARY, *followed by* CARTER *and* AUSTIN, R. 2 E.

MARY. These gentlemen—(*gives cards*) they say they must see Mr. Dunbar, which I've told them he's confined to his bed, leastways, he were.

LOVELL (*after looking at cards*). Mr. Carter, Mr. Clement Austin, the cashier at the bank? (*to* AUSTIN.)

CARTER. Yes, we're here on very important bank business. Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, I believe? (*bowing*) We must insist, I'm afraid, early as it is, on knocking up Mr. Dunbar.

LOVELL. I wish you could find him, sir, or we either.

CARTER. What do you mean?

LOVELL. He is gone!

CARTER. Gone! What d'ye mean, gone? (*stamps his foot.*)

LOVELL. Disappeared from his room there, where we left him in bed, from the effects of the railway accident.

CARTER. Disappeared! (*goes into bedroom* R. U. E.)

CLEM. My friend is a little abrupt, but he has a strong motive for finding Mr. Dunbar. We read in the papers that the accident was serious.

LAURA. Oh, most serious.

LOVELL. I had no idea he could have left his bed.

MARY. Ah, please sir, nobody knows what delirium will do. I know, 'cos once I see a gent in a lodging house before I came to Miss Wentworth's, he had what they call the trimmins! and he were that rampagious—

Re-enter CARTER, R. U. E.

CARTER. Gone, sure enough! how was he dressed?

LOVELL. As at the time of the accident: he would not allow us to undress him.

CARTER (*impatiently*). Don't argue, answer me, what had he on?

LOVELL. A black suit. We removed his loose travelling coat.

MARY. And he've put it on again, leastways, it was here last night and it's gone now from that blessed chair.

CARTER (*cutting her short, to* LOVELL). What was that coat?

LOVELL. Brown cloth lined with fur. I must give orders to the servants to search the shrubberies, the park.

CARTER (*aside*). That won't do any harm, but I think you'd better trust to me. Can he have gone to the office? (*to* LOVELL) Would you let me see Mr. Dunbar's body servant alone for a few minutes.

LOVELL. We will send him to you. Come, Laura.

LAURA. I am so terrified. Oh, sir, do you think there is any fear of suicide?

CARTER. I hope not, ma'am. (*aside*) It would be cheating Calcraft. Leave me to look for him, me and Mr. Austin, here. Oh, make your mind easy, ma'am, if he *is* to be found, *I'll* find him.

LAURA. Oh thank you, thank you! [*Exit* LAURA, L. 2 E.

CARTER (*to* MARY *who is going after* LAURA). Stop, *you* girl!

MARY. Bless the man, how you snap one's head off.

CARTER. How long does this burn? (*points to lamp.*)

MARY. Ten hours, sir.

CARTER (*pours out oil from lamp into grate*). When was it filled last night?

MARY. Quarter afore seven, sir, which I done it myself, because Eliza——

CARTER (*interrupting her*). It must have been burning till past four, he hasn't more than half an hour's start of us; come, Mr. Austin, never fear, we'll run into him yet! [*Exit* R. 2 E.

MARY (*at fire-place*). Oh, lud a mercy, here's a mess! (*sets herself to clean grate—closed in by*

SCENE SECOND.—*Entrance Hall of Woodbine Cottage—Knocking at entrance door,* L. 1 E.

Enter the MAJOR, R., *in his dressing-gown and slippers, as if disturbed.*

MAJOR. Not five o'clock, and a knocker solo that would do credit to the biggest Jeames in Belgravia! This is the quiet of the country! Well, the days are dull enough. When they do get up a row, it's in the middle of the night, apparently. (*knock*) And that exemplary maid of mine can sleep through all this! What a privilege! (*knocking again*) Oh,

hang it, they evidently won't take *no* answer. (*knock*) Now then, do you mean to knock the door down? (*exit as if to open the door and returns with* MARGARET, L. U. E.—*the* MAJOR *astonished*) A lady! and in a state of excitement!

MARG. I am Margaret Wilmot!

MAJOR. Joe's daughter! (*the* MAJOR *shows surprise.*)

MARG. My father is outside, he has left the Abbey—Carter is in pursuit of him.

MAJOR. What! *Harry* has found out the double? Serve him right! And you've brought him here?

MARG. He has fainted—you will not refuse him shelter—an old friend of yours—a dying man perhaps, and justice on his track. You would not shut your door against him?

MAJOR. Poor devil!

MARG. I beg, I implore you, to give him shelter for a little while.

MAJOR. Poor girl! (*crosses* L.) Major, it's a weakness—there is such a thing as being accessory after the fact; but when did lovely woman in distress appeal to you in vain? I'll take him in. [*Exit* MAJOR, L.

MARG. Oh, thanks, thanks! If we can but rest here till he gains strength, or, if death must overtake him, that it may be in my arms, not in a prison cell, not under the shadow of the scaffold!

Re-enter MAJOR, L.

MAJOR. I've taken him into my room; can you put up the horse? The stable's at the back of the house?

MARG. Yes, our arrival must not be talked of; you go to him till I return. Oh, sir, Heaven will reward you for this. [*Exit* R.

MAJOR. Heaven, eh? I don't keep an account at that bank. (*showing the belt as worn by* WILMOT) The belt with those diamonds—I relieved him of it—humanity, like virtue, is its own reward. (*secretes belt*) If I could hook it with this, my fortune would be made in one coup.

Re-enter MARGARET, R.

MAJOR. I've been reflecting. Your distress inspires my warmest sympathy; Carter don't know your father; suppose we change clothes. I'll make him up a picture of venerable respectability. I could start by the train, and so draw off the dogs, while he takes my place here.

MARG. Oh, bless you for the thought. Be quick, and make the change—I'll watch here. Oh, how shall we ever repay you!

MAJOR (*fastening the belt*). The luxury of doing good is enough for me! [*Exit* MAJOR, R., MARGARET *follows in thankfulness to the wing.*

Enter CLEMENT AUSTIN, L.

CLEM. The door open at this hour! Carter's suspicions may be well founded. (MARGARET *turns and sees him*) Ah, Margaret!

MARG. Discovered! and by him!

CLEM. At last! my poor darling! (*approaches her, she waves him back.*)

MARG. No, Clement, there is an end of love between us. Would there was an end of life as well. I learnt the worst that night. I dared not meet you again, with the blood stain of that secret on my soul. I followed you to Winchester.

CLEM. Then it was no delusion; that veiled figure in the street, that shadow amongst the trees!

MARG. It was I, Clement, watching that I might warn my father. I

have warned him—I have brought him hither. He is in this house, a dying man! Clement, you will not denounce him?

CLEM. Margaret! you wring my heart. Must I screen a murderer?

MARG. No, Clement, he is no murderer! Henry Dunbar died by his hand, but from a blow in sudden quarrel, roused by bitter taunts and sore provocation. It is true, Clement, I have never lied to you yet, and would not now, not even for a father's life.

CLEM. But there is Carter—I am here by his orders—he will follow me directly to search this house.

MARG. And he will take him from me! Will give him up to the law, to a prison! and now, now that he is dying! Oh, Clement, leave him to Heaven's mercy! Let him die with one loving face near him—one voice of comfort and compassion in his ears! Do not tear him from me—do not—do not!

CLEM. Margaret, I will stand aloof; I will not lift hand or voice against your father.

MARG. I knew I might trust you, Clement! (*a whistle heard off.*)

CLEM. Hark! Carter's signal!

MARG. Detain him here as long as you can. Lives may hang on minutes now. Yes, Clement, I knew I might trust you! [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Enter CARTER, L. 1 E.

CARTER. Door open!

CLEM. I left it open behind me.

CARTER. You got in without trouble? (AUSTIN *nods*) No waiting, eh? Oh, there was some one up, then? (AUSTIN *nods*) Who?

CLEM. A girl.

CARTER. At five? That ain't natural! I must see her and her master.

CLEM. She has gone to let him know of our visit.

CARTER. Him? I've set one of the Abbey grooms to watch the back door, I've left Tommy Tibbs at the station with a description, and now you and me will have the cream of the job to ourselves here.

CLEM. Look here, Carter, you must look for no further help from me in this business.

CARTER. Mr. Austin! What, after we've worked so nicely together? I began to think you was takin' a pleasure in it.

CLEM. Taking pleasure in hunting a man down!

CARTER. No, Mr. Austin, but in spotting a murderer. The old saying is "murder will out," but how would it be without a branch of the force, the metropolitan, I mean, to start it? No, Mr. Austin, I don't say but what I like my profession, but dooty ain't the less dooty because it's pleasure too, is it, now?

CLEM. Do you do your duty. If Joseph Wilmot murdered Henry Dunbar he must pay the penalty. But I have told you he is the father of the woman I love. It is not for me to help to bring him to the gallows.

CARTER Ah, I forgot the petticoat. They always turn up somewheres, and mostly troublesome. But I must see the people here.

CLEM. Here comes the servant with a message from her master.

Enter MARGARET, R. 1 E., *roughly dressed as a slovenly servant of all work, with her face tied up as from faceache; she affects surprise at sight of* CARTER.

MARG. Hallo, here's two on 'em!

CARTER. So, you are up early, my lass?

MARG. Couldn't get a wink of sleep all last night, please sir, 'cos of the toothache. Oh, do you know what's good for it?

CARTER. Well I 'ave heard, filling your mouth with cold water, and sittin on the hob till it boils.

MARG. Oh lawk a massy, why it would scald me to death!

CARTER (*aside*). She seems green enough.

MARG Oh please sir, was you with this gentleman?

CARTER Yes, I was.

MARG Then master will see you in the parlor. But oh, please, gentlemen don't go to aggrivate him, for he's in such a worry at being disturbed so early.

CARTER. Ah, a bad temper, has he?

MARG. Oh, hawful!

CARTER. And he don't like being told lies, does he?

MARG. Oh, I dursn't try him with them, sir, that I dursn't.

CARTER. Then you look here: if he's bad, I'm wus, a hundred times, when people try *me* with 'em: now you know. Who's been here this morning?

MARG. Him, sir.

CARTER. No, before him.

MARG. Nobody, sir. (*very rapidly*) One would think five o'clock was quite early enough, if I 'adn't been up along o' my tooth, a poor 'ard-working girl, that's got every blessed thing on her hands, how's she to stand being knocked up at five o'clock in the morning I should like to know, and being bullyragged into the bargain?

CARTER (*trying to stop her*). There, there, there, I don't want to set the tap going: there (*impatiently*) hold your jaw, girl, and show us into your master. [*Exeunt* R. 1 E., MARGARET *still chattering.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of the* MAJOR'S *sitting-room—Broad, old-fashioned window,* C., *pannelled walls, low ceiling, cupboards, doors* R. *and* L., *warm curtains, old-fashioned furniture*—WILMOT *discovered in easy chair,* L., *made up with white hair and moustache, smoking a meerschaum, in the* MAJOR'S *dressing-gown and slippers*—CARTER *and* AUSTIN *discovered,* R.

WILMOT. Two intrusions in one, damme! Well, gentlemen, this is cool, I must say, infernally cool, knocking a man up in his own house at five in the morning! What is it all about?

CARTER. We've come to make inquiry about Mr. Dunbar, of Maudsley Abbey, who has been missing since four o'clock this morning. (WILMOT'S *meerschaum moves in his mouth,* CARTER *watches sharply.*)

WILMOT. Gone! Why I thought the poor fellow couldn't leave his room—his bed, in fact—thanks to that railway smash? Ah, those infernal railways! Damme, sir, we shall see no good there till they string up a director or two. But if he has gone, I suppose he was free to go, eh? As free as you to come here. This is a free country, ain't it, eh? Free and easy, I should say, infernally free and easy!

CARTER. Why you see, colonel, I'm a private detective come by Mr. Lovell's wish to look after the poor gentleman. They're afraid the accident's damaged him here (*touches head*) We've searched the park and he ain't there, and the lodges and he ain't there, and your cottage comes next, and you're an old friend, so p'raps you'd not mind our searching here?

WILMOT. Rather cool, before six in the morning, but just as you please. Betty—(*calls*) meanwhile I'll turn in again, if you've no objection.

Enter MARGARET, L.

Betty, show these gentleman every room in the house, (*aside to her*) mind, if you don't hold your tongue I'll make you pay for it. (CARTER, *who has been looking at the door turns round as if he caught the last aside.*) Good morning, gentlemen. [*Exit* WILMOT, *slowly, and helping himself by the furniture.*

MARG. (*opening cupboard,* R.). If you'd like to look in here, gentlemen, here's where the colonel keeps his 'bacca-boxes, and pipes, and things.

CARTER. No, thank you, Miss Innocence. Just you come here! (*brings her forward*) Ah, you're an artful young hussy, and no mistake, and that toothache's a judgment on you. Now, look here, what was that your master told you to hold your tongue about?

MARG. (*twists her apron*). Oh, please, sir, master didn't say nothing, sir, only I was to show you round, sir.

CARTER. Oh, didn't say nothing, didn't he? We'll see what the judge says when you're had up before him for wilful perjury, which it's transportation for life in a young female.

MARG. Oh, sir, I'm so mortal 'feared o' master, he's that violent! Why, if the taters ain't done to his liking he'll grumble about them quite civil like at first, and then he'll work hisself up, and he'll shy them taters at you one arter another, and his language gets wus with every tater.

CARTER. You'll see what my language will get if you don't speak out. You'd better or——

MARG. Oh, what can I do, sir? I daren't go agin him, I'd almost sooner be transported, if it don't hurt much.

CARTER. Don't hurt much! Why, it's bread and water for life among the blacks——

MARG. Oh!

CARTER And the possums——

MARG. Oh, lor!

CARTER. And flogging with a cat o'nine-tails once a week regular.

MARG. (*in affected terror*). Lawk a massy! Oh, I'll tell you all about it, sir, sooner than that. Mr. Dunbar come here about five, sir, just as I was opening the shutters, and he was in that pain that he could 'ardly sit on his horse, and he told me to call master, and master 'elped him off, and got him something, and I was ordered to run for a fly to the Maudsley Arms, that's not a quarter of a mile down the road, and Muster Dunbar he went off in it not an hour afore you came, and that's all, and oh please don't tell master!

CARTER (*to* CLEMENT). The girl's speaking the truth, I think. I must inquire about that fly. You keep an eye on all here. (*to* MARGARET) Tell your master I've not time to bid him good morning. [*Exit* R.

MARGARET *follows him towards door, then turns, tears off the handkerchief and false front, and falls exhausted by her efforts at self-restraint into a chair.*

CLEM. Margaret! In this disguise? Even I did not detect you.

MARG. No, no; you must leave me, Clement, leave me with my unhappy father. My portion, henceforth, is not with love and home. I must help to bear his heavy burden; I cannot ask you to share it. (*he tries to speak*) No words, Clement: for pity's sake, leave me and forget me!

CLEM. Leave you! I love you too well to disobey, even that command. But when your hour of trial comes, you will wish for me, and I will be at your side! [*Exit* R.

MARG. True and tender to the last! And I must give up this great

love! Yes, I *can* give it up, but I can't bear to think of it. (*opens door*, L., *leads on her father, he sinks feebly into chair.*)

WILMOT. Good girl, good girl, you did it bravely—I could have laughed to see how you fooled him—and I too, I did not think I had so much life in me. (*falls back in his chair.*)

MARG. And now, father, we will leave England together, and find some quiet place abroad; I will work for both, we will live the sad, still life that prepares for death, will we not, father?

WILMOT. Ah, you are your mother's child. Did I not see her the day she found out what my life had been—see the color die out of her face, till it was whiter than the collar round her neck, and the next moment her arms were about me, and her eyes looking into mine as yours are now, as she said, "I shall never love you less, dear, there is nothing in the world shall make me love you less!"

MARG. What *she* would have been to you, father, in this hour of trial, shall I not be? Oh, as your need is sorer, let me be more. What's the matter?

WILMOT. I can't speak—I'm choking. (*he springs up and presses his hand to his breast.*)

MARG. Oh, what is this?

WILMOT. Death! not terrible, as I used to see him, but like one that brings pardon and peace! Don't leave me—let me see your face and feel your arms to the last. Pray for me, Margaret, pray for me! (*falls back dead.*)

Enter CLEMENT, *at window.*

MARG (*shrieks*). Dead! Gone to his account—gone forever—and I am all alone! (*kneels by the body.*)

CLEM. I am here, Margaret. (*tries to raise her,* CARTER *appears at the window with the* MAJOR *in custody of* TIBBS, *he holds the belt in his hand*)

Enter CARTER, R., *with the belt, removing his hat reverently.*

CLEM. (*waves him back*). Too late!

MARG. Not so, his judge knows, his judge is merciful! (*looking intently at the body.*)

CURTAIN.

SYNOPSIS.

THE play opens in the little parlor of a humble but particularly nice-looking cottage at Wandsworth. MARY, the servant maid, is startled by a ring at the garden gate, when, looking out, she sees that the visitor, in a carriage, is a Miss LAURA DUNBAR, whom she appears to greatly admire. Miss DUNBAR had called to take a music lesson of MARGARET WENTWORTH; but that young lady being absent, the maid informs LAURA that she is about to leave Miss WENTWORTH's service, as her mistress can no longer afford to keep two servants. LAURA thereupon engages MARY to come to her at the expiration of her service. Miss DUNBAR then tells MARY that she has a little birthday present for MARGARET, and proceeds to her room to leave it as a surprise. While LAURA is out of the room, two men knock at the door; MARY admits one, the other remaining outside. This person, after some preliminary questioning as to Miss WENTWORTH's terms for tuition, etc., begins to question the girl as to Mr. WENTWORTH's habits. While the conversation is proceeding, Miss WENTWORTH enters; but not before MARY had informed the stranger that Mr. WENTWORTH had left early that morning for Southampton. The strange man, MR. CAR

RER, continues the conversation with the mistress after the maid has left to apprise Miss DUNBAR of MARGARET'S return. During her absence, CARTER takes his leave; but, before doing so, ejaculates a blessing on MARGARET, to that young lady's great surprise. MARGARET then takes out a letter which she had received from her father, but before examining its contents, she feelingly expresses a wish that her father would quit the dark and desperate courses that he at times followed, so that others, besides her, might know something of the good there was in him. In this letter her father tells her that very many years ago he committed the crime of forgery to save a much loved young master; the forgery was detected, the master was screened, and sent off to India, while he was denounced, tried, and convicted. His master might have saved him, but never opened his lips. "From that day," continued MARGARET'S father, "I have been a branded man; every man's hand has been against me." WENTWORTH proceeded to say that this man was coming back to England, and that he meant to meet him, and try if he would not do something for the man he had seen ruined twenty-five years before, and if he would not, he intended *to give him a piece of his mind.* The father concluded by saying that the name of the man he expected to meet was "Henry Dunbar." This was none other than the father of her dear friend, LAURA. While MARGARET is pondering over this evil news, CLEMENT AUSTIN enters, and it is soon apparent by his tender manner and his manifestations of interest in her welfare, that he is her lover. Indeed, he proceeds to declare his affection, and to ask her hand. MARGARET refuses; but being hard pressed for her reasons, acknowledges that she loves CLEMENT, but an insuperable bar prevents their union—her father is a dishonored man—an outcast—a criminal. CLEMENT expresses his willingness to wed her, but MARGARET, while grateful for his nobleness, will only consent to wed him after they have jointly tried to bring her father back to the right path. The second scene introduces us to an amusing vagabond, who enters the sitting room of the "George" at Winchester. This individual, whose habiliments are "in the sere, the yellow leaf," indulges in a characteristic soliloquy, from which we learn that he is a broken-down sport, and a criminal, indeed; that he had found that "JOE WILMOT" was putting up at this hotel, and that he intended to await his arrival; that he had seen JOE with a stranger enter a wood near St. Cross; that his first move was to accost JOE, and try to borrow some "brads" from him; but finally thought it better to come to his hotel and await his arrival. A waiter enters, and not liking the cut of the MAJOR'S coat (for a major he announces himself to be), tries to bow him out of the apartment, telling him the room is engaged for the great banker, Mr. HENRY DUNBAR, who has just come back from India, and "who's worth a million if he's worth a penny." The servant leaves the room, and in his absence the MAJOR proceeds to examine the trunks of the banker, which have arrived. His inspection is cut short by the servant's return to tell him that a gent named HARRY CARTER wants him. The MAJOR starts to leave by a back door, but is headed off, caught, and handcuffed by an assistant of CARTER'S. He is taken off in custody, having, however, previously refused to reveal WILMOT *alias* WENTWORTH'S whereabouts. Soon after, WENTWORTH, disguised as HENRY DUNBAR, enters, and orders that dinner shall wait until the arrival of his friend WILMOT, whom he had sent across the country (he said) to apprise a Mr. Stratton of his arrival. While dinner is waiting, Mr. DUNBAR proceeds to open the trunks, and reads aloud the contents of some of the papers. From these documents he learns all the particulars about the business of the firm of which DUNBAR was leading partner, and he, also, finds a lot of letters written by LAURA to her father. DUNBAR declines still to set down to dinner until the arrival of WILMOT, and while talking to the waiter about his unaccountable absence, a noise is heard outside; a crowd appears in the corridor; HENRY DUNBAR advances to it, lifts a sheet that covers a body just borne in, and exclaims, "Joseph Wilmot! dead!" In the second act LAURA is complaining to her maid, MARY, of the little affection which her father manifests for her, when ARTHUR LOVELL is announced. This gentleman is informed by LAURA of her father's coldness. LOVELL tells her he has a fine appointment in India, and had he but her hand in marriage he would be perfectly happy. DUNBAR, who had entered unobserved, comes forward, and after asking LAURA to retire for a few moments, surprises LOVELL by briefly telling him that his health is broken by his long life in India, that he must seek the continent at once; but before he goes he desires to see LAURA, his dear daughter, happily married; he observes that they love each other, and wishes their union without any delay; adding that instead of settlements, he will give his daughter a handsome sum in money and a present of magnificent diamonds. LOVELL, transported with delight, rushes off to LAURA'S boudoir; DUNBAR having left the room before him.

Just afterward, MARGARET, in deep mourning, is ushered in. LAURA enters and embraces her. An affecting interview takes place between them. MARGARET being determined to follow up DUNBAR to the death for the supposed murder of her father. DUNBAR sends his daughter, who had gone in search of him, back to MARGARET, to say that he will never see her, but that he will make her a handsome yearly allowance, and gives his daughter fifty pounds to hand her as a first payment. LAURA returns to MARGARET, and hands her the fifty pounds in an envelope. MARGARET passionately throws down the money, signals LAURA to leave her, and exclaiming, "But I *will* see him, and *he* shall see me, if I drop down dead!" is about to enter, when CLEMENT AUSTIN enters. The young man informs MARGARET that he is the cashier in the house of which DUNBAR is head, and is in attendance with important papers. The young girl reveals to CLEMENT part of her story, and he determines to manage to get her an interview with DUNBAR In the next scene the MAJOR reappears; he has run against Mr. BALDERBY while entering the bank of Dunbar & Co. Here the MAJOR gets into conversation with the diamond merchant, and is only prevented from filching some of the gems by the entrance of CARTER, who warns him. The MAJOR hangs about to get an interview with DUNBAR. Meanwhile, DUNBAR has the books of the bank brought to him by CLEMENT AUSTIN, and proposes to draw a very large amount out to buy diamonds and for other purposes. DUNBAR tells AUSTIN that he wishes an annuity to be paid to a Miss WENTWORTH; the young man tells DUNBAR that he knows her; indeed, is betrothed to her. DUNBAR advises him to marry her, and says that he will befriend them, but that he cannot see her. Just then CARTER enters to inform the banker that he is employed to investigate the murder of WILMOT, and that WILMOT'S daughter, MARGARET, even accuses him of the crime. DUNBAR gives the detective a fee, and advises him to try and clear up the mystery. Harldly has the detective left, ere the MAJOR enters. He is announced as Major Vavasour, and soon gives DUNBAR to understand that he sees through the whole affair, and that he must be bribed to silence. The banker gives him two thousand pounds, which satisfies him for the nonce. CLEMENT AUSTIN now determines to bring MARGARET and DUNBAR face to face, but the banker frustrates his plan by leaving the city for his country house, Maudsley Abbey. To this place he is followed by the MAJOR, who fears that he is about to leave England, and thus give him the slip, especially as LAURA had just been married to ARTHUR LOVELL and is off on their wedding trip. The MAJOR tells DUNBAR that he has taken a small place close to his lodge gates, and will not stir from there. The banker has to again bribe the fellow to silence, and he departs. DUNBAR, once more alone, begins casting retrospective glances over the past events, and in the midnight silence conjures up all the fearful doings of that eventful night, when the returned India merchant and the wretched forger stood face to face beneath the dark branches of the wood near St. Cross. He has determined on flight; has tried by copious draughts of brandy to dull his senses, and has at length fallen into an unquiet slumber at the table, his head resting in his hand. Then MARGARET stealthily enters, and listens to the broken sentences that proceed from the wretched man's white lips. At length he utters the word "Margaret." Terribly affrighted is the girl to hear her own name, and uttered by her father!—the father that she supposed was now lying in his shroud. MARGARET rouses her father. An explanation ensues, in which DUNBAR convinces his daughter that the banker was killed by him in a struggle for life, and that he then assumed the name and personated Dunbar in order to save himself. MARGARET no sooner gets over her surprise, than she urges her father to fly at once, and evade the death penalty that surely would befall him, as no one but a daughter would believe his statement. DUNBAR obeys her and escapes. In Act the Fourth LAURA has been recalled to the Abbey, her father having been terribly injured by a railroad accident. The doctor has forbidden any one seeing DUNBAR. The wretched man, terribly shaken and bruised, is barely able to sit up, when MARGARET raps at his window, and begs to be let in. DUNBAR with great difficulty opens the window, when his daughter almost falls in, her hair dishevelled, and her whole aspect most pitiful and woe-begone. In a few hurried sentences she tells her father that CARTER and AUSTIN, impelled by her, had investigated the murder affair; had become convinced that DUNBAR had killed WILMOT, and that they were even now on their way to arrest him; she had managed to get ahead of them; and there was not an instant to be lost; he must escape at all hazards. Yielding to his daughter's tears and prayers, the still feeble man mounts a horse, which MARGARET procures from the stables; and partly supported by his brave-hearted daughter, he sets out. CARTER and AUSTIN arrive at the Abbey just half an hour after DUNBAR had left. DUNBAR and his daughter contrive to get as far as the MAJOR'S house, but can proceed no farther. They gain admittance. The MAJOR, after securing a belt enclosing the diamonds which DUNBAR had with him, consents to let DUNBAR remain in his disguise, while he takes the horse and starts off, having no wish to meet CARTER. The detective soon after arrives, but is baffled by the ingenuity of MARGARET, who has assumed the disguise of a servant But all in vain are the noble girl's efforts; her father is death-stricken, and falls dead in his daughter's arms; but not before he had consoled her with the assurance of his sincere penitence. CARTER (with the belt) and CLEMENT enter reverently. The latter exclaims: "Too late." "Not so," replies MARGARET; "his Judge knows—his Judge is merciful!"

A CHEERFUL LIAR.

Farcical Comedy in Three Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER.

Author of "The Noble Outcast," "The Merry Cobbler," "A Modern Ananias," "Our Starry Banner," "Santiago," etc.

Cast of Characters.

Hastings Hussel, J. P.—The cheerful liar.
Randolph Dearborn—An accessory before the fact.
"Rev." Ezra Stiggins—A gold cure practitioner.
Gen. Boomer—A Chicago real estate millionaire.
Guy McGuffin—A county constable.
Flora Boomer—A girl who has a good time when she wants to.
Birdie Sweetlove—Housekeeper at the gold cure establishment.
Lucretia Spriggins—A Hoosier schoolma'am.

Act I. Deception
Act II. Detection.
Act III. Destruction.

Plays two hours.

Price, 25 cents.

This shrieking farcical comedy was very successfully performed during a long season, under another title, by the brilliant comedian, Mr. John Dillon, who made a great hit in the part of Judge Hussel. Unlike most light pieces, this one has a capital plot, full of entanglements. In brief, this is the story of a Gay Deceiver. During the civil war Hastings Hussel and Bert Boomer fought side by side in the Confederate army. After the declaration of peace both of them moved North, where Boomer grew wealthy in the real estate business and married. Hussel went to Indiana, became a country justice and remained single. Boomer, a widower when the play opens, had a daughter who eloped with Randolph Dearborn, the young people being followed on the next train by the irate father. Flora and her lover go to Hussel to be married, but find that a license is necessary in Indiana. While they are gone to procure one Boomer arrives and the old friends recognize each other. When Randolph returns Hussel offers, for a consideration, to pacify Boomer and obtain his consent, trusting to the young man's aristocratic name and Boomer's Southern ideas of birth, etc., to work his point. He finds, however, that Randolph is a foundling and so undertakes to provide him with parents. He works Lucretia Spriggins an old maid, and "Rev." Ezra Stiggins, a gold cure fraud, into the plot to personate the parents, and just as success crowns his efforts Birdie Sweetlove denounces the conspiracy. Then Boomer determines that Flora must be married at once and offers her to Hussel. The Judge jumps at the chance and goes to Boomer's summer villa to pay his court. Flora, to thwart him, disguises herself in her Cousin Tom's clothes and tells her ancient admirer that Flora has gone to town. Meanwhile Hussel learns that Randolph has arrived for a stolen interview, and noticing the striking likeness of the supposed Tom to Flora proposes that Tom shall masquerade as his cousin and take a rise out of the rival. Flora is only too willing, and putting on her own clothes receives her lover. The climax is reached when Hussel, to carry the joke on Randolph to its limit, marries the supposed Tom to him. Of course, when the General returns, it is found that the marriage is legal, and so the two old fellows make the best of a bad job.

UNCLE RUBE

AN ORIGINAL HOMESTEAD PLAY IN FOUR ACTS.

By CHARLES TOWNSEND.

Author of more than seventy successful productions.

The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

CHARACTERS.

RUBEN RODNEY, (Uncle Rube) Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and Master hand at "swappin hosses"..... *Character lead.*
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain..... *Character heavy.*
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal..... *Straight heavy.*
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist..... *Juvenile lead*
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude..... *Character comedy.*
IKE, the hired man. "I want ter know!"..... *Eccentric.*
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic..... *Low comedy*
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable..... *Comedy*
MILICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher"..... *Juvenile lady*
MRS. MARIA BUNN, a charming widow..... *Character comedy*
TAGGS, a waif from New York..... *Soubrette*

TIME.—Mid Autumn. PLACE.—Vermont.
TIME OF PLAYING.—Two hours and a quarter.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.
ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

THE AUTHOR'S OPINION.

MR. TOWNSEND says of this drama, "I consider that 'Uncle Rube' is far superior to any play depicting country life that I have yet written."

This is *the* play for everybody—amateurs as well as professionals. It can be produced on any stage, and pleases all classes, from the most critical city audiences to those of the smallest country towns. Printed directly from the author's acting copy, with all the original stage directions.

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OR

FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

A WAR DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN A. FRASER.

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "The Merry Cobbler," "Our Starry Banner," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

CHARACTERS.

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A. In love with Cora.....*Leading Juvenile*
Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A. In love with his duty.....*Juvenile bit*
Milton Merry, U. S. N. In love with Bess.....*Light Comedy*
Lieut. Cristobal, S. A. In love with soldiering.....*Straight*
Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H.S. In love with surgery*Straight old man*
Elmer Walton, banker. In love with Spanish bonds.....*Character old man*
Phillip Basset, his stepson. In love with Ysobel.....*Juvenile*
Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A. In love with Cora..
.....*Heavy*
Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S. In love with chickens.....*Negro Comedy*
Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A. In love with "Naygurs".....*Irish Comedy*
Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter. In love with Spain.....*Character old man*
Cora Basset, Walton's stepdaughter. In love with Oscar.....*Juvenile*
Bess Walton, Walton's daughter. In love with Milton.....*Ingenue*
Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter. In love with Phillip.....*Juvenile*
American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.

Actual time of playing, two hours.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome interior.
ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.
ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior. Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.
ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.
NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

The best Cuban war play ever written. Easy to produce, but very effective. Thrilling situations, fine comedy, intense climaxes. Comic Irishman and Negro. Three magnificent female parts. Picturesque Spanish villain and heroic juvenile lead. No special scenery is required, as every regular theatre, in its ordinary equipment, has every set called for. Adapted to both professional and amateur companies.

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THE SPINSTERS' CONVENTION.

(The Original Old Maids' Convention.)

Price, 25 Cents.

An evening's entertainment which is always a sure hit and a money-maker. Has been given many hundred times by schools, societies and churches, with the greatest success. An evening of refined fun. It requires from twelve to twenty ladies and two gentlemen, although ladies may take the two male parts. A raised platform with curtains at the back is all the stage requires, but a fully equipped opera stage may be utilized and to great advantage.

Ridiculous old maid costumes, with all their frills and furbelows, their cork-screw curls, mittens, work bags, bird cages, etc., are the proper costumes. Later on in the program some pretty young women in modern evening dress are required. The latter should each be able to give a number of a miscellaneous program, that is, be able to sing, play some instrument, dance, whistle or recite well.

This entertainment utilizes all sorts of talent, and gives each participant a good part. Large societies can give every member something to do.

SYNOPSIS.

Gathering of the Members of the Society.—The Roll-Call.—The Greeting Song.—Minutes of the last meeting.—Report of The Treasurer.—Music: "Sack Waltz."—A paper on Woman's Rights.—Song: "No One to Love, None to Caress."—Reading of "Marriage Statistics."—The Advent of the Mouse.—Initiation of two Candidates into the Society.—The Psalm of Marriage.—Secretary's Report on Eligible Men.—A Petition to Congress.—Original Poem by Betsy Bobbett.—Song: "Why Don't the Men Propose?"—Report of The Vigilance Committee.—An Appeal to the Bachelors.—Prof. Make-over.—The Remodeloscope.—Testimonials.—The Transformation and a miscellaneous program.

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BECAUSE I LOVE YOU

DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By JOHN A. FRASER.

thor of "A Woman's Honor," "A Noble Outcast," "A Modern Ananias, "Santiago," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

Eight male, four female characters. Plays two hours. Modern costumes. This is probably the strongest drama written of the modern romantic style. It is a pure love story and its sentiment and pathos are of the sterling, honest kind which appeals to every man and woman with a human heart. The stage business will be found extremely novel, but easily accomplished. The climaxes are all new and tremendously effective. One climax especially has never been surpassed.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Imogene Courtleigh. Wilful, wayward and wealthy.....*Juvenile lead*
Ginger. A Gypsy waif.....*Soubrett*
Nance Tyson. Her supposed mother.....*Character*
Prudence Freeheart. A poor relation.....*Old maid comedy*
Horace Verner. An artist and accidentally a married man.....*Juvenile lead*
Dink Potts. His chum and incidentally in love with Ginger.*Eccentric comedy*
Ira Courtleigh. Imogene's guardian.....*Heavy*
Buck Tyson. A Gypsy tinker.....*Character comedy*
Elmer Van Sittert. Anglomaniac, New Yorker.....*Dude comedy*
Major Duffy. County Clerk and Confederate veteran.....*Irish comedy*
Squire Ripley. A Virginia landlord.....*Character old man*
Lige. A gentleman of color.....*Negro character*

Note: Squire Ripley and Van Sittert may double.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

Act 1. "The George Washington," a country tavern in old Virginia. An impromptu wedding. "When I was on the boards at old Pott's the-ayter-" "Horace has fallen in love and has done nothing but rave about her ever since." "The marriage ceremony performed, I depart, and you will make no attempt ever to see me again." "Except at your own request, never!"

Act 2. Lover's Leap, a Blue Mountain precipice. A daring rescue. "Gold does not always purchase happiness, lady." "Do you ever feel the need of a faithful friend?" "I do, I do, I'm thinking of buying a bulldog." "Look at the stride of him, and Imogene sitting him as if he were a part of herself." Within twenty feet of certain death. "Gone? Without even my thanks for such a deed of desperate heroism?"

Act 3. The Courtleigh Place. A woman's folly. "And you say his father was a gentleman?" "I have already refused to sign the document." "Stand back, she is my wife."

Act 4. The "Mountain Studio." "You're too good to let that French girl get you." "I struck him full in the face and the challenge followed." "You will not meet this man, dear love?" "It shall, at least, be blow for blow." "I release you from your promise. Fight that man." "I'm the happiest man in old Virginia, because you love me."

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TOMPKIN'S HIRED MAN.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

Author of "Diamonds and Hearts," "A Pair of Artists", "Through a Matrimonial Bureau," "Their First Meeting," "Comedies for Children," "Socials," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, th hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm-house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

CHARACTERS.

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.
Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.
John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.
Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.
Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.
Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.
Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.
Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

PLAYS ABOUT TWO HOURS.

SYNOPSIS:

Act 1. Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll jist give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

Act 2. Chopping mince-meat. The letter. Louisa faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you? "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lected teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never give my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two propositions." Curtain.

Act 3. Dixey builds the fire. "Things haint so dangerous when everybody's got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh druve her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal, an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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DIAMONDS AND HEARTS

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts.

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN.

Price, 25 cents.

This new play has bounded at once into a wide popularity. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic

AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic.....

INEZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun.....

MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls

HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother.....

DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....

DR. BURTON, a young physician.....

SAMMY, the darky bell-boy in the Halstead house.....

ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough..

ATTORNEY; SHERIFF.....

Time of playing, two hours.
Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act. 1. Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

Act 2. Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition.. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

Act 3. Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke—hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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A WOMAN'S HONOR.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

By JOHN A. FRASER.

Author of "A Noble Outcast," "Santiago," "Modern Ananias," etc., etc.

Price, 25 cents.

Seven male, three female characters. Plays two hours. For intense dramatic action, thrilling climaxes, uproarious comedy, and a story of absorbing romantic interest, actors, either profesional or amateur, will find few plays to equal "A Woman's Honor." With careful rehearsals they will find a sure hit is made every time without difficulty.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

General Mark Lester. A Hero of the Cuban Ten Years War.....*Lead*
Pedro Mendez, his half brother.....*Heavy*
Dr. Garcia, Surgeon of the Madalin.....*Straight*
Gilbert Hall, M. D., in love with Olive.....*Juvenile*
Robert Glenn, a Wall Street Banker.....*Old man*
Gregory Grimes, Lester's Private Secretary.....*Eccentric comedy*
Ebenezer, Glenn's Butler.....*Negro comedy*
Olive } Glen's }*Juvenile lead*
Sally } Daughters }*Soubrette*
Marie, wife of Pedro.....*Character*

NOTE.—Glenn and Garcia may double

Act 1. The Glenn Mansion, New York City.

Act 2. The Isle of Santa Cruz, off San Domingo. One month later.

Acts 3 and 4. Lester's home at Santa Cruz. Five months later. Between Acts 3 and 4, one day elapses.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act. 1. Handsome drawing-room at Glenn's. Sally and Ebenezer. "I isn't imputtinent, no, no, Missy." "Papa can't bear Gregory Grimes, but I'm going to marry him if I feel like it." "Going away?" "I was dizzy for a moment, that was all." "This marriage is absolutely necessary to prevent my disgrace." "General Lester, you are a noble man, and I will repay my father's debt of honor." "Robert Glenn is dead."

Act 2. Isle of Santa Cruz. "Mark brings his American bride to his home to-day." You and I and our child will be no better than servants." "How can I help but be happy with one so good and kind." "It means I am another man's wife." "Dat's mine, don't you go to readin' my lub lettahs in public."

Act 3. Sitting-room in Lester's house. "What has happened? Is my husband safe?" "Break away, give your little brother a chance." "To tell the truth, my heart is breaking." "Debt of duty! and I was fool enough to think she loved me."

Act 4. "The illness of the General has an ugly look." "The gossips have it she would rejoice to be rid of her husband." "The Gilbert Hall I loved is dead." "Standing on the brink of the grave my vision is clearer." "Forgive, and I will devote my life to making you happy in order to repay the debt I owe you—a debt of honor."

Copies will be sent postpaid to any address on receipt of the price

HAGEMAN'S MAKE-UP BOOK.

By MAURICE HAGEMAN

Author of "What Became of Parker," "Prof. Robinson," "Hector," "Mrs. Mulcahy," "The First Kiss," "By Telephone," "To Rent," etc.

Price, 25 cents.

The importance of an effective make-up is becoming more apparent to the professional actor every year, but hitherto there has been no book on the subject describing the modern methods and at the same time covering all branches of the art. This want has now been filled. Mr. Hageman has had an experience of twenty years as actor and stage-manager, and his well-known literary ability has enabled him to put the knowledge so gained into shape to be of use to others. The book is an encyclopædia of the art of making up Every branch of the subject is exhaustively treated, and few questions can be asked by professional or amateur that cannot be answered by this admirable hand-book. It is not only the *best make-up book* ever published, but it is not likely to be superseded by any other. It is absolutely indispensable to every ambitious actor.

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